THE BYSTANDER Vol. CXIV.—No. 1485 JUNE 1, 1932 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

"Eddie" Tatham on "This Habit of Getting Married"

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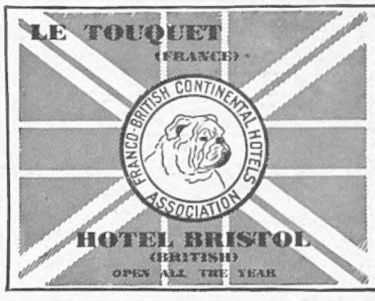

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The BYSTANDER

Peter North

LADY BRIDGETT POULETT

A new portrait of Earl Poulett's sister, who is one of the most attractive of last year's débutantes. Her gay personality, beautiful figure, and original clothes make her an asset to any and every party. Her favourite haunt is the I.S.C.

A TRIO OF NOTABLES

Elwin Neame

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Winn

A new portrait of the wife of the Hon. Charles Winn, brother of Lord St. Oswald. She is the daughter of Mr. Henri van Heukelon, of Paris. She spends a great deal of her time at her lovely home in Yorkshire, Noswell Priory

Hay Wrightson

Mrs. David Plunket

Who, before her marriage in 1930 to Mr. David Plunket, a grandson of the fourth Lord Plunket, was Miss Sybil Archer. She and her husband have lately taken Ayesha Castle, which is just outside Dublin

Hay Wrightson

Donna Degna Marconi

Daughter of Marchese and Marchesa Marconi, is Chairman of the Young Committee of the First of June Ball, which takes place to-night at the Dorchester, in aid of the International League against the Export of Horses for Butchery and the Old War Horses' Fund

Right: Viscountess Weymouth, who, before her marriage to the Marquess of Bath's son, was the Hon. Daphne Vivian, lately gave birth to a son and heir

Left: Lady Mary Boscawen, the elder daughter of the Duke of Montrose, married Mr. John Boscawen last year. Their son and heir was born on May 9

Photographs by Bertram Park and Lenare

Four Notable Births

The Hon. Mrs. Drogo Montagu, whose son was born on May 22, was Miss Tanis Guinness, and was married to the second son of the Earl of Sandwich last year

The Hon. Mrs. Michael Scott, whose husband is a brother of the Earl of Eldon, recently gave birth to a daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Scott have a son, aged three

The Passing Hour

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

TO-DAY is the day. I am not going to give any tips for the Derby, but I merely repeat what one of our leading bookmakers told me. He said that the four best jockeys for the big race are Richards, Wragg, Jones, and Donoghue—Jones being the best of them. He also said that Hesperus was the best bet for the money; but maybe he is overloaded with bets on Orwell. Whatever the ultimate starting-price of the latter may be, it will never equal that of Galtee More, which won at four to one on. That is a comforting thought.

SWEEPS and gambling have been rather the order of the week. Colonel Piers Legh, who is only an honorary member of White's Club, bought himself in the White's Golf Tournament at Sandwich and won. This was worth eight hundred pounds to him. In the course of his victorious career he beat the Prince of Wales, who had specially asked that he should be allowed to play. The unluckiest loser was Lord Tennyson, who was laid four stymies in the last seven holes. His friend, Captain Gordon Canning, was telling me about it at the Débutantes Ball.

FROM Lord Portarlington I heard all about that other gamble, the Monte Carlo party in aid of St. Luke's Day Nurseries. Now that the cat is out of the bag, there is no harm in talking about it. It was held at Mrs. Van den Bergh's house in Kensington, and was the third of the series. The previous two years it took place at the late Edgar Wallace's flat and at Chandos House. On those occasions the secret was well kept. This time it was not, and I very much doubt whether it will be allowed again.

IT is one of the charms of charity that all kinds of technical breaches of the law are permissible in its cause—such as palmistry, crystal-gazing, and other forms of clairvoyance. I doubt whether Colonel Laurie will be able to wink officially at another of these charity gambles, however. That is a pity, because it is said that something between a thousand and two thousand pounds was raised in the evening.

THIS sum would have been very much more if professional, wax-moustached croupiers had been imported from France for the evening. The amateur croupiers slowed up the game very considerably. It takes experience to determine exactly the five per cent. of a winning bet when the sum is an odd one, though it is easy to see that the cagnotte should benefit by thirty shillings when there is a thirty-pound bank, because of the proportion of shillings to pounds.

THERE were silly stories about women losing as much as five thousand pounds before midnight. In point of fact, no one lost more than three or four hundred pounds, and it is doubtful whether anyone won much more than that. One advantage of having amateur croupiers was that the usual tips *pour la personelle* given by someone who had run a successful bank all went to swell the receipts of the charity. The gambling went on until dawn, one of the last to go being Mr. Peter Thursby, who had a pleasant little win, I am given to understand.

SWEEPS again took the pre-eminent place in the revival of the H.B. Club dinner at the Savoy, at which Lord Derby had promised to be present. Since the death of so many of the members it looked as though the annual event was destined to end. But not a bit of it, although it is said to cost each member at least an average of eighty pounds a head to act as host to his party. So there still must be a good deal of money about somewhere.

Colonel Leonard Ropner, M.P. for Barkston Ash, and Miss Esmé Robertson, whose wedding will take place this month. They are seen here spending a week-end at Thorp Perrow, Colonel Ropner's Yorkshire home

PRINCE GEORGE functioned charmingly at the Débutantes' Ball, which was crowded until 3 a.m. Although he is not supposed to stand for any length of time, as the result of his operation two years ago, when he lost his big toe, he remained standing throughout the ceremony, despite the protests of his Equerry, Major Humphrey Butler. He also shook hands with each of the débutantes, some of whom appeared quite overwhelmed.

ON the whole, they were not as pretty as last year. There was rather a lot of puppy-fat, though they were better dressed than their predecessors of three years ago. Some were rather clumsy, and at rehearsals had fallen right over themselves in trying to curtsey. Two had been expelled

After-dinner smiles: Miss Cecilia Hore-Ruthven and Mr. Emerson Bainbridge at the Dinner of a Hundred Hosts, of which the Marchioness of Carisbrooke was Chairman

Mr. Dudley Barker seeks solace in a soothing cigarette between dances

Miss Averil Anstruther and Miss Felicity Seddon, beautiful mannequins at the Dinner, talking to Colonel the Hon. Fred Cripps

At the Dinner of a Hundred

for non-attendance, including one much-advertised one. Miss Dorothy Hyson, perhaps the prettiest of them all, was unable to attend, as the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art had refused to let her go.

THE prettiest girl who actually took part was Miss Ormsby-Gore, who has the standardised No. 1 English looks, very fair, pink and white, and in fluffy tulle. She was with Lord David Cecil part of the time. Lady Mildred Fitzgerald's daughter, Jean, was also noticeably pretty. One of the great attractions of the ball was the total absence of the usual very frail old ladies with platinum moustaches and a continuous rustle of dry bones.

BY the same token, it was not so entirely young as usual. Several young married couples were present, the women all wearing those very long artificial eyelashes, which cost a guinea to have gummed on and which only last for ten days. It takes an hour to have them fixed, the eyelashes being treated in pairs. The trouble is that they look all very fine before going to bed, but next morning they resemble a bed of tulips after rain, with a tangled undergrowth which makes it impossible for their owners to read their invitations at breakfast.

ONE of the biggest tables at the ball was that of Mrs. Simon Rodney, who had the Duke of Westminster on her right. The Duchess wore a very lovely silver fox fur. Mrs. Rodney was Sadie Greenwood before her marriage, and is invited everywhere. Lady Rachel Stuart was at her table, and so were Lady Adare, Lady Westmorland, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, and the Euan Wallaces. Sir Horace Rumbold and Otto Kahn's two daughters, Mrs. Ryan and Mrs. Marriott, and Mrs. Fred Cripps were also to be observed, among others, at the Ball.

AMONG those who are being presented at the first June Court is Lady Jersey, who has returned to Osterley with her husband after their six months' honeymoon tour of Australia, Honolulu, America, and Canada. They are glad to be back, they tell me, although they had a wonderful time. In Australia it was one long party. Lady Jersey, who comes from Sydney, thinks this city the loveliest in Australia. Her husband preferred Melbourne.

IN Honolulu they went surf-riding. In Canada they found it rather cold. In New York there was tremendous depression, and also a permanent scare about kidnappers. Detectives are making fortunes. They are employed by anybody who can afford them to protect their children against a fate similar to that of Lindbergh's baby.

MISS EARHART has already two nicknames —"Greatheart" and "Gearbox." She is already extraordinarily popular. People who have met her at the American Embassy say that she is most charming and very sweet—not at all the hard-boiled type which you would think inevitable in the case of people who have had the physical toughness to survive a solo flight across the Atlantic. So far, none of the hostesses has managed to capture her, though she went to the spectacular, but rather full, first night of *Casanova* with Mr. Gordon Selfridge.

AT the first night of *The Cheque-mate*, which was written by the Marchesa Malacrida, I encountered Sir Reginald Leeds, one of the few people in London whose house possesses a private swimming-pool. He, like Sir Paul Latham and Major Tattersall, has an artificial leg. Which reminds one how few people in London seem to have this misfortune, when one considers the extraordinary number of war-time amputations that were performed.

SIR PAUL LATHAM, who was at Mme. de Peña's party last week, has entirely altered the ground floor of his house. He now has a dining-room capable of seating thirty guests—altogether, quite the bachelor-host. At this party, Lord Poulett put in an appearance. He has finished with the Great Western Railway, he tells me, and is now concentrating on his family

WELCOME HOME: THREE

Hay Wrightson

The Lady Stanley of Alderley

Lord and Lady Stanley of Alderley have returned from their honeymoon in America and Canada. Lady Stanley is a sister of the Earl of Shrewsbury

Hosts at the Park Lane Hotel

Photographs by Swaebe

Waiting for the band to play again: Miss Margaret Whigham and Sir Robert Throckmorton. The Ball was in aid of the Margaret Street Preventorium Fund. Lady Fulton was Vice-Chairman

Mrs. M. V. Ball, Mrs. Maxwell Chance, wife of the specialist, and Mrs. Vacani

estate. His sister was wearing exactly the same turban hat as Miss Whigham. But they were of different colours. Even then they looked rather askance at each other.

ANOTHER party last week was given at Glebe House, in Chelsea, which must be the only house in London which is built round a live fig-tree. The present occupant is George Slocombe, the author of *Dictator*, a romantic novel which is evidently based on Mussolini and was published last Monday. Among the guests was Oliver Baldwin, who marched to and fro in a lounge suit. I wonder what he is doing nowadays, for I forgot to ask him. Another book I have read lately is Barbara Cartland's *Virgin in Mayfair*, the characters in which are hardly disguised at all.

COUPLES WHO HAVE BEEN LOOKING AT THE WORLD

Hay Wrightson

The Countess of Jersey

Who was married this spring, is an Australian, and she and Lord Jersey went to Australia for their honeymoon, coming home via America

Dorothy Wilding

The Lady Dufferin and Ava

Who accompanied Lord Dufferin when he went to India with Lord Lothian's Commission. Lady Dufferin is a daughter of the Hon. Arthur Guinness

Kathleen Iddon

June is Here Again

A new picture of June (Lady Inverclyde), who returns to the stage in "Fanfare," which is now being tried out at Manchester and which will shortly be put on at the Prince Edward Theatre

The Earl of Pembroke and the Countess of Carnarvon enjoying a good joke at Salisbury races

Left: Mrs. C. T. I. Roark (wife of the famous polo player) and Miss Anderson intent upon the game as played at Ranelagh

The Cult of the Horse

Personalities Pictured in London as well as much further West

Studying the Card

Right: Miss Sybil Hare, Mrs. Martin Hartigan, and Miss Victoria Hare seen at Salisbury races

At the Curragh races. The Hon. Lorraine Berry, daughter of Lord Buckland, Countess McCormack, and Miss Gwen McCormack were present. It is hoped that Count McCormack will change his mind and continue racing in Ireland as in the past

At the Bath and West and Southern Counties Show at Yeovil: Lady Mary Herbert and Lady Stavordale wisely wearing furs this summer

Another group captured at Salisbury races: Mr. Patrick Seely, Miss Longsdon, Mr. Hennessey, and Miss Lou Seely trying to keep warm by taking exercise

Hors d'Oeuvres:

By "Caviare"

HOW people improve when they marry! Mrs. Ronald Balfour, for instance, is greatly improved in looks and charm; so is Lady Jersey. Lady Durham is so much nicer than when she was a jeune fille, but she is very quiet and we don't see much of her. There are exceptions to every rule, and a certain couple have certainly not improved each other.

I DON'T care for complete fancy-dress in the evening, although originality should be encouraged. Mrs. James Beck's new yellow dress, with an Empire waist and crossed sash, and with large bunches of orange and yellow flowers on the shoulders, is striking, but rather too fancy. I like, however, Lady Bridgett Poulett's puce taffeta, with embroidered marigolds on its Victorian puff sleeves.

A ROW in a bed-room is to have far-reaching results; strange, because beds and politics are generally good companions!

I SAW Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor having luncheon with Captain Peter Combe; how pretty her hair is—a mass of platinum-blonde curls. Our dear Miss "Bunny" Bannerman, who is so happy again, has gone a platinum blonde too for the films; but Miss Joan Barry, who is often to be seen dancing with Mr. Terence Weldon, is not so pale-headed as she was.

A CERTAIN young man with a careful complexion, who is often with an often-in-the-papers Viscountess, is such a nice boy.

HAVE you ever watched people talking? Sir Hugh Smiley hardly moves his mouth at all when he speaks; nor does Lord Portarlington, whose wife is just the opposite. Miss Gertrude Lawrence's mouth is most expressive and animated; Miss Margaret Whigham's lips protrude as she stutters—which is, incidentally, rather attractive, though embarrassing for the listener. Mrs. Colclough's mouth is fascinating to watch.

A LOVELY lady has refused all the invitations of a well-known sporting peer—or should I say proposals?

WHEN I was at school one got bad marks for bitten finger-nails. Lord Tennyson, Captain Derek Murphy, and Mr. Randolph Churchill would have got into terrible trouble.

MISS ROSE BINGHAM must not look so stormy and bored; she is too young and beautiful. Miss Mala Brand must not look so intense; things can be quite fun. Mr. Hamish-Erskine must not try to look important—he is too short. And a young man whom we all know, must realise yellow powder does not make a sunburn, nor yellow gloves a sportsman.

"WHO are the most unspoilt people in London?" someone asked. The Beaton sisters, who, in spite of publicity, popularity and admiration, are unchanged, and who enjoy everything. Lady Caroline Paget, Miss Pamela Wellesley, Mrs. Grace Ansell, Colonel Claude Levita, and, lastly, someone who loves every moment of life and has more friends than anyone else—Dame Madge Kendal.

WHY is a certain dark young man so depressed? And can it have anything to do with a lovely ex-débutante?

PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT has got much thinner. I think it suits her. What a charming person she is! Lady Carisbrooke seems much better lately, and is looking very sweet and as though she was enjoying life in spite of financial troubles—which, of course, are a universal complaint at the moment. Lord Carisbrooke is often at the Opera; he loves music and sings himself.

WHAT a dearth of heirs and heiresses there seems to be in London! Lord Milton is engaged, and so is Miss Vivien St. George; Miss Duke and Miss Speckles have gone back to America, with whole hearts, which seems a pity. There are heaps of attractive young men, but not rich ones—Lord Knebworth, Mr. Charles Birkin, Mr. David Rhys, Mr. Ralph Cobbold, and Lord Poulett.

Photographs by Sasha

Another supper-party at the International Ball at Grosvenor House. In the foreground: Lady Bridgett Poulett, Lord Donegall, Mr. Gilbert Frankau, and Miss Annie Ahlers

The International Ball

An exclusive photograph of Capt. Farley, Miss B. Buckmaster, Mr. Dibben, and Mrs. J. G. Pugh, taken at Grosvenor House last Thursday on the occasion of the International Ball

A PARTY at a castle in Scotland with a well-known peer seems to have caused much comment, especially locally; I don't think the Scotch worthies appreciate bright Mayfair ways.

FULL marks this week to Lady Stanley of Alderley for showing us on her return that dignity can be attractive. May this be a lesson to the gushing and noisy manners of—well, shall I say—?

It is a great day for the Bride-to-be when she sees it announced to the world at large that she is really going to "make it"

"Eddie" Tatham

Without whom no band of Ushers is complete, throws a few side-lights on—

This Habit of Getting Married

Illustrated by Patrick Bellew

SPRING has worked her spell, and the Winter "Walkings-out" are yielding up their quotas of "something accomplished, something done."

June will see the usual crop of couples taking their first plunge into the unplumbed depths of matrimony. Every day the paragraphs beginning "A marriage has been arranged" increase in number, much to the delight of Dressmakers, Tailors, Jewellers, Caterers, Wine Merchants, and the others to whom these preliminary notices hold out hope of an added lining to their pockets.

IT is a great day for the Bride-to-be when she sees it announced to the world at large that she is really going to "make it."

The future Bridegroom will probably be equally full of an inward glow, but the outward sign as he strides the streets will be rather a self-conscious smirk.

Their mutual friends who were in their confidence will walk about with a "What-did-I-tell-you?" expression, and the people who were not so far-seeing will pretend they knew all along.

The Mother who has brought off a triumphant match will sigh with happy relief, and count the days until her Duckling becomes a Swan.

FROM the day of the announcement our young couple will have their time fully occupied; there will be letters and telegrams of congratulations to be answered, and wedding presents to be acknowledged. One recently-married young man caused great offence by merely sending a printed acknowledgment of all the gifts, and a much-advertised bride never even acknowledged her presents at all. Such lack of courtesy tends to kill the Geese who lay the golden eggs.

Will find their only choice a Grand Piano or brace of Sofas

The future bride will have to decide whether to buy her wedding-dress and trousseau in England or abroad. A few years ago it was not considered right for a Bride to be garmented in England; but a patriotic wave and adverse rate of exchange have swung the pendulum so much the other way that any day one expects to read of a "Bright Young Thing" having a "National Mark" wedding, with little Union Jacks on her Wigan-woven dress, and the Bridegroom labelled "just laid" or "fresh."

THE next anxiety is the choice of the day and the Church. It is important for the Bride to see she does not fix a day and find she has chosen Derby Day, or the same day as a more "written-up" rival, who will steal her publicity. St. Margaret's, Westminster, seems to be the Mecca for most "Society" weddings, although it has by no means the most beautiful interior; neither has it a gallery—a most important addition if there is a large staff or gathering of Tenants to be accommodated.

Can it be that the long walk from the Church door to the street, with its accompanying crowd of sightseers, is the attraction for our "Shy Brides"? Sometimes a Church is chosen because the parents of the Bride or Bridegroom were married

A Bachelor dinner a few days before the wedding

The bride will spend her last few hours with her family, all rather tearful

there. One recent young and popular "Lordling," who has had many encounters with the Police owing to indiscretions in Traffic obstructions, specially chose a certain Church which is famous for its awkwardness for Traffic. When he left the Church he was wreathed in delighted smiles as he saw the welter of Buses, Taxis, and motors converging on a Posse of perspiring Police.

A new idea in connection with wedding presents has been started by some of the leading shops. They have a book in which the future Bride writes a list of the presents she would like. Very pleasant for the first-comers, who find they can satisfy her with a Doyly or Cruet, but somewhat purse-emptying for the tardy arrivals who find their only choice a Grand Piano or a brace of Sofas.

IT is usual for a Bridegroom to give a Bachelor dinner a few days before the wedding. This means a collection of pale young men gathering in some private room in an Hotel and remaining until they become red.

On the day itself, the best man will have to see that his charge is properly dressed, and will also have to feed him with enough solids and fluids to get him to the Church in a state of submissive benevolence.

The Bride will spend her last few hours with her family, all rather tearful, but must stop in time to arrive "radiant" and correctly unpunctual at the Church.

THE real work falls on the Ushers. A perfect Usher should know the names and appearance of the relatives of both Bride and Bridegroom, and get them parked in their reserved seats, seeing that the rich bachelor Uncles and Maiden Aunts have the best places. He should be ready to recognise any Ambassador or Minister and escort them to the Seats of the Mighty; he should be able to place people behind Pillars and tactfully create in them the impression that they have the best view in the Church. He must be prepared for the arrival of the Bride and Bridegroom's parents; he must know the latest quarrels and scandals among the guests, so that the participants are placed at suitable distances. He should keep Aisle seats for the Mothers of any small Pages or Bridesmaids, so that they can cope with any panicking. He should recognise the household staffs and arrange that all the old retainers have a good view of the ceremony, as they will probably have more genuine interest in the wedding than all the rest of the chattering throng.

A perfect Usher should also see that the Bridesmaids are under control by the time the Bride appears, tell them that their noses are *not* shiny, and soothe any other little qualms they may have. He should be ready when the Bride arrives to restrain her Father, or whoever gives her away, from breaking into a fast trot down the Aisle until her train is straightened out and her retinue ready for the procession. He must be prepared to answer a bombardment of questions from the Press representatives, such as: Who is the Best Man? Who is marrying them? Is it true that Layton and Johnston are going to sing "Oh, for the Wings of a Dove"? Where are they going for their honeymoon? Etc., etc.

AFTER the ceremony, there is the congested struggle to the cars, the slow procession to the reception, the slower procession up the stairs, the march-past the Bride and Bridegroom, the muttered inanities, the bombardment of kisses for the Bride, the paralyzing handshakes for the Bridegroom, the aimless one-way traffic round the presents, the various donors, hovering by their own gifts, murmuring little platitudes—"Just a stupid little thing, I hope the Chicks will find it useful," the stupid little thing probably being an eiderdown or crockery set.

Place people behind Pillars

Next there is the gulping of tepid Champagne, the cutting of the "already cut" cake by the Bride, the final departure of the happy couple through a barrage of rose leaves as the crowd cheers them into a well-deserved oblivion: until, after "the lowering of the curtain to denote passing of time," the same paper that announced the engagement and reported the wedding, gives us "further news."

Mr. "Eddie" Tatham, who wrote this article

Give us further news

Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball

Where Prince George Was Present

Left: Mr. James Beck and the Hon. Mrs. Piers Legh at Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball held at Grosvenor House

Above: The Hon. Mrs. Rudolf de Trafford, the Duke of Westminster, Mrs. Simon Rodney, and Sir Humphrey de Trafford

Lord Poulett watching the Dances of Queen Charlotte's Court

Above: Miss Pamela Nichol, Mr. David Haven, Mrs. Philip Kindersley, Mr. Jimmy Lawrence, Miss Jean Johns, and Mr. Philip Kindersley

Wearing the Hawaiian garland: Miss Brassey, with Mr. John Finlay

Left: Miss Katherine Lindsay, with Lord Somerton, interested in the gavotte

A supper-party including Miss Harmood Banner, Mr. B. Chinnerey Haldane, Miss Elspeth Grant, Miss Ursula Hanbury Tracey, Miss Grant, and Mr. Peter Deakin

Regulars and Irregulars at the Races

Sidelights on Lovely, Leafy Lingfield

Lord and Lady Stanley at Lingfield: "Lord Stanley looked very serious"

THE racing community, and especially the feminine one, is divided into two sections—the regulars and the irregulars. The former are chiefly comprised of hard-bitten, hard-riding, hard-faced hunting folk, who think horse, talk horse, dream horse, and end up by looking horse. They are terribly intense about it all, as, indeed, they have to be. There 's always that dreaded Monday morning to be thought of. A moment or two's lighthearted chatter, and you might miss that long-priced winner which is going to help you pay for next winter's huntin'.

THE irregulars, on the other hand, are much more decorative, and, to my mind, much more amusing. The older ones adopt a smugly complacent attitude which infuriates the Regulars, while the younger set behave exactly as if they were at the "Slip In," which infuriates them still more.

LINGFIELD is referred to as lovely, leafy, and occasionally by a very grotesque American adjective beginning with the same letter. It was certainly lovely there lately, as far as the weather was concerned, but the results came under the third category, and there were many—too many—cross faces at the cocktail-parties in London afterwards.

THE crowd was a very large one, but beauty, I thought, in both sexes was somewhat conspicuous by its absence. There were, of course, exceptions, as you will doubtless appreciate, but the horse-faced ones predominated, while Whitechapel brought a very strong contingent, and not their nicest-looking lot, either.

THE best-looking woman, I thought, was Lady Markham, who was a perfect sight for sore eyes. If she went racing more, our racecourses would be brighter places. She was talking to Tommy Graves. If Tommy had given me as many winners as he has laughs, I should be a rich man. He told me he didn't like my hat—well, I don't like his tips.

LADY WODEHOUSE looked surprisingly cool in the intense heat. How she does work on a racecourse! "Cardy" Montague, on the contrary, did not look so cool. He tells me that Yarmouth is his favourite racecourse. "Why?" I asked, full of wonder. "Because it 's the only course I 've never been to," came his rather terse reply.

Baroness Beaumont and Lord Howard of Glossop interested in the racing at Lingfield

THE journey to Lingfield is exciting. The more intelligent of the natives have heard there is a racecourse bearing a similar name some miles away, but few know where it is. The long "hike" then commences, and those bred for stamina rather than speed, eventually "make" the racecourse. I noticed, however, Captain Montague and the Hon. Francis Egerton going very short the last two furlongs.

PROOF that woman can be horsey, and yet still look like a woman, and a remarkably pretty one at that, is provided by Miss Sybil Hare. She tried very hard to sell my brother a filly, but he wanted a colt. "What a pity," she said rather plaintively. "If the situation had only been reversed, we might have done something about it."

LORD STANLEY looked very serious. I believe there was a suspicion that somebody or other had been a bit "naughty," and as he is a steward at the meeting, he may have found his responsibilities weighing rather heavily on him.

THE most contented man I met was "Flash" Kellet, who had had a "crack" at Annihilation on the first day and then buttoned up his pockets.

APRIL THE FIFTH proved a popular winner of the big race for that remarkable man Tom Walls. He wasn't anything like as good a favourite as Spenser, but quite a lot of people backed him, and got some of their losses back. He won very easily and judged on that form, must be the best outsider for the Derby.

Lady Wodehouse and Sir Matnew Wilson looked happy at Lingfield

Lady Rosebery, Capt. Lionel Montague and Mr. Jack Jarvis provided a mixture of expressions

Collaborators at Large: Harris and Fairlie on

The Derby Horse-Race

Sleuthing by Gerard Fairlie
Pictorial Notes by H. H. Harris

Remember the countless number of sportsmen who have drawn a blank in the Irish Sweepstakes, which benefits hospitals without benefitting them

DERBY DAY! The gypsies are warning with artful mystery, the Downs are clothed with countless people, the racecourse is green with green grass, the tipsters are tipping in order to make the price of their tipple, Mrs. Can and Mrs. Can't are there . . . oh, no, that 's not Epsom, that 's . . . well, anyway, Harris and I have been trying to find something to beat Orwell.

THE way we looked at it was like this: if you back a horse and it wins, then you make money. Harris and I agreed on that. Well, if you back Orwell, you probably win money, but you only win about what you risk. Harris and I agreed on that too; anyway, favourites have a habit of being upset and getting the bird, even those belonging to Louis the Fifteenth. So it is obviously far better to find a horse which will beat the favourite to a frazzle (not one of Louis'—that 's assault), and draw a large dividend. Harris and I were emphatic upon that.

"BUT," said Harris, "how does one do that? I mean, there are lots of other horses in the race, and any one of them might do the job very satisfactorily. How do we choose which?"

I suggested a handkerchief to blindfold with, a list of the runners, and a pin.

HARRIS said that wasn't scientific. He seemed to think that science was necessary to find a horse to beat Orwell to a frazzle.

WE had a slight argument at this point. I said it wasn't necessary to find a horse to beat Orwell to a frazzle. I elaborated that as long as Orwell could be persuaded to be second, it didn't matter whether it was by a frazzle or a short head. I said, what was a frazzle, anyway, but that was a question Harris couldn't answer.

HARRIS said that action was what was required, so I knew that I wasn't going to get an answer to that one. Harris said we couldn't trust the ordinary touts, because they were all of a different opinion; Harris said that he once followed every tip he was given and still didn't win, because the only one he didn't back won in a canter. He said that was an expensive way of losing.

I said, but what sort of action?

HARRIS murmured the one word—Newmarket. I said, what about Epsom? After all, the race was run there, and I was good at six home teams. Harris said Newmarket, so I suggested the Downs at Lewes; after all, the Brighton Pier isn't so far away. Harris glared and said Newmarket very firmly. So Newmarket it was.

The racecourse is as green as green can be

Before the great day tipsters in training go in for dress rehearsals

WE got to Newmarket very early indeed in the morning. Harris woke me up and said good morning, and we were there, and if I didn't want to become train-bound, would I get out.

WE got into a car and went straight to the Heath. Harris woke me up and said we were on the Heath, and where were the horses? I looked around and saw a very pale sun, a very pale dog taking a bright red interest in a very pale rabbit. The rabbit had the superior speed at the time they disappeared. I also saw a comparatively pale Harris, and then I went to sleep.

Harris woke me up and said a lot of things which I hope he will apologise about. I am not sensitive, but a glow-worm is not what I felt like; I felt pale. However, lots of horses suddenly appeared.

HARRIS immediately pulled me down flat on my face behind a blade of grass. In a hoarse whisper he told me that I must make no sound or movement; he asked me, with tears in his eyes, to remember the countless numbers of people who had drawn nothing in the Irish Sweep, and whom we had the honour to represent; he reminded me, with tears in his voice, what a great privilege it was for us to be entrusted with the gathering of information which would lead to the return of their ten bobs.

THE horses first of all walked past us in Indian file. They then trotted past us in undisguised boredom. They then cantered past us in Indian file and undisguised boredom.

THEN a funny man in funny clothes on a funny horse said something which must have been indescribably rude to three of the horses. They went off on their own at full gallop.

Spotting the winner can be made into quite a scientific exercise provided the pin is sharp

"A trial!" breathed Harris.

"Ah!" I said, keeping up the atmosphere.

ONE of the horses won very easily. The other two were nowhere at all. Harris said the funny man was evidently satisfied, and that it must be a very satisfactory trial.

I didn't answer, and when Harris had woke me up, I said what about breakfast?

I had to listen to Harris for a little while then. He seemed to think I wasn't taking enough interest. I said I didn't know how anybody could take any interest at all in anything before seven ack emma.

AFTER Harris hadn't agreed, he really did have a good idea. He said we 'd seen a great deal of exercise, but what we wanted was the personal touch. He said let 's go and get it straight from the horse's mouth.

BUT secrecy was essential. I mean, it 's no good running about Newmarket saying I want to interview a horse on its prospects in the Derby. The trainers, who are nasty folk, are apt to get in the way and stop you.

So Harris and I did a spot of creeping. We crept off the Heath; we crept along the ditch of the main road; we crept into a stable.

WELL, I got the touch all right—on a most personal place. Harris got it badly very straight from the horse's mouth.

Then we were taken home.

NOW I want you to understand that the position is this: if anything beats Orwell for the Derby, that 's the horse we chose to beat the favourite to a frazzle. But if Orwell wins, then we couldn't find one, and decided to back the favourite. You 'll know as soon as we do, and I hope and trust you'll profit by my advice, which is as good as that of most tipsters.

If anything beats Orwell it has got to be very fast indeed

The New Plays:

A Novelist in the thickest of Temperamental Traffic Steers a Party of Vile Bodies (but Good Companions) round a particularly

"Dangerous Corner"

MR. PRIESTLEY'S first dangerous corner is of his own making. He plants his characters en masse—a jolly crowd they seem at first—in a nicely-chintzed and book-shelved drawing-room—then proceeds to skin them alive in turn, mixing what is left of their reputations into such a seething cauldron of complications that by the end of the first act one was still uncertain as to who was married, or otherwise related, to who; who was in love with t'other; and what this excitement about a stolen cheque for £500 and a man called Martin, who had committed suicide because of it, was all about.

The technique suggested the novelist at work in his own medium, and threw no light strain on one's powers of deduction and concentration. Not only is the effort well worth while, but the method, one feels, is deliberate. The effect of calm is fully composed before the tense atmosphere of the gathering storm. As the skein begins to untangle it is clear that Mr. Priestley is working backwards over the tangled tracks of a first-rate murder mystery, and at the same time manipulating his puppets with lively skill and a keen sense of dramatic suspense and surprise. The story gathers force and form like a properly rolled snowball. One by one the characters are drawn into open confession, until the little country-cottage coterie of publisher-partners, outwardly so friendly and pleasant, is shattered beyond repair. And all because of a wireless play which ended in the suicide of a husband who told the real truth, and a musical cigarette-box which belonged to the dead man. A chance question acts like tinder to the trail. How could the tragic, unhappy Olwen have seen it before? Freda, Martin's brother's wife, gave it to Martin just before he shot himself.

Olwen couldn't possibly. . . . But Olwen, instead of lying harmlessly, persists in telling the damnable truth. Freda, who, it transpires, was Martin's mistress before she married the solid Robert, begins to cross-examine. Robert, like an obstinate bloodhound, carries on the dangerous game. Secret sins, shames and sorrows are dragged from their lairs until the arena is strewn with tarnished reputations and broken pedestals.

MARTIN was not just a heartless philanderer. He took foul, sadistic drugs. He did not forge the cheque nor commit suicide. He was shot in defence of her honour by the woman who saw him last.

Freda's brother, Martin's slave, is a pervert, and openly declares it. His marriage is no sort of marriage at all, which drives his pretty young wife, Betty, into spending week-ends with Stanton, when all the time that callous cad loves Olwen, who fruitlessly loves Robert, who secretly loves and idealises Betty!

To struggle further with Mr. Priestley's jig-saw puzzle nought availeth. These perfunctory details make the story seem hopelessly over-complicated. It is, in fact, nothing of the sort. It is intensely definite, human and arresting. The people may be a pack of knaves, fools or rotters, but they live. They talk much, but what they say is to the point. The whole fabric of suspense and suspicion is built up by a master hand. The story has tremendous atmosphere and cumulative force. And the final twist—the cut-back to the revolver shot in the wireless play, just as Robert, with all his illusions shattered, is on the point of suicide—is a brilliant coup which only a first-rate playwright could achieve. After that the play begins and continues again, word for word. We get to the same dangerous corner and wait breathlessly for Olwen's declaration about the cigarette-box. This time she lets the incident pass, and all is well. Mr. Priestley has made his point and pointed his moral.

Why this play got even one lukewarm notice beats me hollow. It is a brilliant effort, admirably produced by Tyrone Guthrie, and acted to within fine limits of perfection by (in the order of the programme) Richard Bird, Marie Ney, William Fox, Isla Bevan, Flora Robson, and Frank Allenby. TRINCULO.

Janet Jevons

Diana Gould

Diana Gould, appearing in "The Miracle" at the Lyceum. She takes the part of the First Nun and is also the understudy to Lady Diana Cooper, who plays the Madonna

Dorothy Wilding

Gold-digger

Betty Stockfeld, who has made much of the character of the mercenary heroine in "A Cold June," by Sir Arthur Pinero, at the Duchess Theatre

"Dangerous Corner" at the Lyric

In J. B. Priestley's new play, a chance remark, which appeared quite innocent, led to a peck of trouble, and seen above are "Ken's" impressions of the characters in the throes of finding out the truth about each other. At the top: Charles Stanton (Frank Allenby), Robert Caplan (Richard Bird). Below them: Gordon Whitehouse (William Fox), Freda Caplan (Marie Ney). On the right: Olwen Peel (Flora Robson), and (below) Betty Whitehouse (Isla Bevan)

E

The WORLD of the

The Chic Chapeau

Joan Crawford, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, who is not afraid of concealing half the beauty of her face with the latest style of hat. She started her professional career as a cabaret dancer. In private life she is Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

That Attractive Air-Man

James Cagney and Joan Blondell in a scene from "The Crowd Roars," which was very successfully presented by Warner Brothers for a pre-release run at the Regal, Marble Arch, last week

So Gloria Swanson is to make a picture over here and is to be directed by that famous Hollywood director, Rowland V. Lee—one of the most competent men in the business. I believe I am right also in saying that she will have with her a leading man brand new to pictures, and that this leading man will be none other than her latest husband, Michael Farmer, the rich young Irishman about whom most of the women who have met him are crazy, and the few odd million who haven't are crazy to have a chance of seeing whether they are likely to be crazy when once they have seen him.

Gloria's is still a very big name in pictures. In fact, there is more glamour attached to it, perhaps, than any other name in the business. Even in talkies she has made good, in refutation of the theory that none of the old-timers (and she won't mind my referring to her as one of them) can accustom themselves to the new technique. She is living over here at the present time, and is delighted with this old country of ours, and so there is no reason why she shouldn't remain with us for some time—and make plenty of pictures over here.

Elstree—and Alfred Hitchcock in particular—has done a very smart thing in signing-up Auriol Lee to direct pictures at its studio. Auriol is reckoned as being one of the most knowledgable people in the theatre. She is a grand stage producer and knows acting inside out. But, in addition to this, she has spent a good deal of time in Hollywood of late, and has assisted in the production of a good many films. Her last assignment was the dialogue direction of *Grand Hotel*, and so at least she will start in at Elstree with a good deal more knowledge of production methods than, more or less, the whole of the rest of them (with the exception of Hitchcock) put together. Auriol should do well.

And, by the way, what is all this nonsense about Hitchcock's appointment at Elstree? What that studio always has needed—and still needs—is a big picture mind to take over and supervise all production. And such a mind is Alfred Hitchcock's. So, when I read in my daily paper recently that he had been appointed Production

Our Own Film Stars

No. 4.

HAROLD HUTH

HAROLD HUTH recently won a nation-wide competition for the best picture performance of the year—his interpretation of the difficult rôle of the "quack" doctor in "The Outsider." Originally in the motor-trade, Huth has only been acting for about four years, and so his success is all the more remarkable. He has a remarkable screen personality, and a great natural gift for acting. (It must be in the family, for his mother is Mme. Bertha Moore, a famous teacher of elocution; two of his aunts are Eva and Decima Moore, and an uncle was H. V. Esmond, the famous dramatist and actor.) He has many screen successes to his credit, including "The Outsider," "Aren't We All?" "Footsteps in the Night," "The First Mrs. Fraser," etc., and is at present working in "The Flying Squad," by the late Edgar Wallace. Among his best performances on the stage have been "The Outsider," "Dishonoured Lady," "Smoky Cell," and "Little Catherine."

Next Week—KAY HAMMOND

FILM

Gloria Swanson's Future

Elstree and Alfred Hitchcock

Bad Home-Made Films

The Success of the Season

By Wilfred James

Reflections

Above: June Clyde making-up for her rôle in "The Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood," a Potash and Perlmutter affair

Pretty Polly and Pretty Ann

Left: Ann Dvorak, who plays the principal part in "The Crowd Roars"

Supervisor (or words to that effect), I began to hope once again for a brief moment that this studio would perhaps begin to turn out pictures that measured up to its standing in the film industry of this country. But, alas, no! I understand that all Alfred is going to do is to supervise the production of some six "Quota" films for the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company. And I know what "Quota" films are like as a rule.

REMEMBER his first picture, *The Pleasure Garden*—and his second, *The Lodger*, which created a new silent-film technique in this country? Remember his first talkie, *Blackmail*, and his subsequent brilliant efforts in *Juno and the Paycock* and *Murder*? Of course the boy's brilliant. But he will be left behind a mile by the Victor Savilles, the Harry Lachmans, and the Hayes Hunters of this world unless he is very, very careful. He has a brilliant picture-mind, but he must have facilities for doing what he wants to do.

AFTER all, I have no kick whatsoever against British International Pictures (why should I have?), but I do think they have missed their opportunity. Eighteen months ago they had the ball at their feet (to use a football simile), but since then they seem to have lost an enormous amount of ground. At any rate, I cannot think of a single *outstanding* picture (with the possible exception of *Men Like These*) during the past twelve months—and very few during the preceding year—whereas certain other companies have very definitely stolen the march on them by making consistently good pictures and thereby helping to put the British film in the very strong position in which it stands to-day.

IN fact, I believe—and I speak from experience gained by going monotonously to almost every British picture ever shown—that certain of the products of the Elstree Studios have done more to put our audiences off home-made films than a lot of people will ever realise. I have overheard audience comment—and that gives one a pretty good idea.

AND so it seems a pity that what one first imagined was the case should not come to pass and Alfred Hitchcock be put in complete control of all production at the B.I.P. Studios. Because he knows pictures, and it would seem that the only thing this wonderful studio lacks is a real production mind in control. After all, Mr. Maxwell can't do everything. Production is a whole time job—and he has his theatres to look after, besides his other interests.

PERHAPS the most spectacular screen success in years has been that of the German picture, *Madchen in Uniform*, seen at the Academy Theatre. This woman-directed film has broken all kinds of box-office records; and, despite the fact that it is in a foreign tongue and only aided by a few explanatory titles, is attracting not only the intelligentia, but also the "plebs."

Helen on Horseback

and George on Foot

Evelyn Laye held up in the Park at the point of the Camera by George Robey

G. R.: "'De-sist, I beg,' from riding for a moment"

G. R.: "Would you mind 'staring me in the face'?"

That theatrical stars are supposed to lie a-bed late after the labours of the night is proved untrue by this page of pictures, showing Evelyn Laye enjoying her early-morning canter in the Park, and also indulging in an al fresco breakfast after George Robey had so skilfully handled the camera. "In other words — he'd clicked"

Photographs by Sasha

"I had to be cruel to be kind"

"'Archibald, certainly not!'"

Robey's Piece of Resistance

E. L.: "Have I got the right expression, George?"

G. R.: "'What was there was good'"

The entirely imaginary dialogue beneath these photographs seems to suggest that "the Prime Minister of Mirth" was recalling old songs which he has made famous when talking to "Helen" in the rôle of Diana

If Gossip We Must . . .

Illogical Socialists—A Parliamentary Fight—A Recorder on Trials—Boxing at Brighton —Operatic Discords

M.P.'s reassembled after the Whitsun recess to find themselves deluged with good advice, one of the few commodities which pays no tax. It does not even pay an amusement tax, and this is what, in some cases, it certainly should do. The Labour Party, officially and journalistically, agrees that it will, as Mr. Ormsby-Gore has declared, be difficult to make the next Budget balance without increased taxation and more "cuts," and that the country can hardly afford that taxation, because "tariffs have come too late." But it also inveighs against the iniquity of tariffs and is of opinion that one cannot amend a bad financial situation by cutting down the social services.

How tariffs can, at the same time, be a bad thing and yet would have worked wonders had they come a few years ago (when Labour, so far from clamouring for them, called them every abusive name that could be thought of); and how, when taxation has admittedly reached its highest point without the law of diminishing returns beginning to operate, the social services can be not only not cut down but expanded, are questions Mr. George Lansbury, Lord Passfield, and the Labour organ might feel disposed to answer, though I am laying heavy odds that they will not answer them.

By Houghton

"It's pretty, Aubrey, but is it Art?"

Sasha

A Covent Garden Flower

Eily Gerald, who is dancing in the "Tannhauser" Ballet at the Opera. She is the daughter of the late Sir George Ashdown and Lady Edith Ashdown

No doubt it is a most desirable thing, in the eyes of some people, that the State should help to bring babies into the world and be thenceforward responsible for food, clothes, education, pensions, out-of-work allowance, burial expenses, and even a tombstone, with or without a stone angel. But the hard fact is that the State cannot afford to do this. There simply is not the money to extend the social services. If the National Government cuts them, as it will probably have to do, it will not be because it is on the side of the heartless capitalists, but because the money is not in the till. To prattle of the health of the nation, education, pensions, and so forth, being brutally endangered and the rest of it is just so much poppy-cock.

Nations are much like individuals. "A" may want a long sea-voyage; "B" may want electric heat-baths twice a day; "C" may wish to retire at fifty. But if they cannot afford such things they cut them out.

Yet there still lurks in the Socialist mind the idea that money is bound to come from somewhere, and that the Treasury owns a sort of widow's cruse.

None the less, the present session will be to a large extent a ding-dong fight about "cuts" and taxation, with the Socialists damning the former and clamouring for an increase in the latter, just as they did during the era of grandmotherly extravagance from which the National Government has, at any rate, the virtue of having rescued us.

The Cult of the Can-Can

Phares, the French singer, is seen on the left, obviously attracted by the two Can-Can dancers, also from France, whose appearance recalls the "Naughty 'Nineties." They are performing at Ciro's, which, newly decorated, is called the "Boite aux Matelots"

Margaret Vines

Playing in Ivor Novello's new theatrical play, "Party," successfully produced at the Strand Theatre last week

Tunbridge

Vandamm

Beauty and the Beast

On the right: Mary Boland, who plays lead in "Face the Music" in New York, seen in the finale, which is a burlesque of the Ziegfeld Follies

IN spite of politics being in the usual muddle, the Season is a good one, though hardly up to the form which merits the familiar adjective "brilliant." With crowds tumbling over each other to look at the débutantes in the Mall, and newspapers tumbling over each other to point out the iniquity of not having socially cultivated the late Lord Egmont, just because he was a peer, it cannot be said that snobbery of the good, old-fashioned, genial, and perfectly harmless type is dead.

I imagine that the new peer (for whom, poor lad, everyone feels sympathy on the sudden death of his father) will now be deluged with fashionable attentions, which is, obviously, the very last thing that sturdy youngster desires. It really looks as if some well-meaning folk won't be happy until they get him engaged to Miss Margaret Whigham or a job on the films or the editorship of a social diary.

WHY does a fondness for music make people so quarrelsome? Two of the leading patronesses of opera are not on speaking terms, and when one of them, who is really quite a good-hearted woman, held out the olive branch not long ago, she was severely snubbed for her pains.

Now Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell comes along with a rather Sitwellian and ex cathedrâ book about Mozart in which he says some very rude things about Wagner. So Mr. Ernest Newman plunges into print at great length with some very rude things about Mr. Sitwell, who, as a musical authority, is scarcely worth powder and shot, despite many artistic and literary qualifications in other directions.

Finally, at Covent Garden the other night, one of our few English millionaires remarked to an intensely musical peeress, "How Wagner bores me!" To which the lady replied, "How *you* would have bored Wagner!" And now *they* don't speak.

THIS is a time of great party-giving, and now they have started writing plays about it. A party seemed to be going on both sides of the footlights at the Strand Theatre when Mr. Ivor Novello's *Party* was launched. The choice of building was very appropriate since Mr. Novello lives on the theatre in more senses than one. He has a flat on the top of the Strand Theatre, and in it he has given many parties, all of them very much like the party which was the basis of the play in question.

AS an ex-party man who nowadays prefers to get to bed at a reasonable time whenever possible (this occurs about twice a year), I was rather overwhelmed by the chatter both on the stage and in the intervals. But that may be an ex parte statement. The first-night audience, who seemed to be party-makers and party-takers to the last waistcoat-button (speaking of males) and the last touch of the lipstick (speaking of females—though the order can be reversed in applicable cases), was large, enthusiastic, and mostly decorative. Mr. Eddie Marsh, who claps more loudly than any theatre-goer in the world's history, certainly supplied the enthusiasm and Miss Joan Barry the decoration.

TURNING with easy grace to crime, I have been reading avidly Mr. Storry Deans's *Notable Trials and Difficult Cases*. Mr. Deans does not tell the old, old Storry, as it were, although he deals with familiar cases. As a barrister and Recorder of Rotherham, over whose lined features a genial smile

Lady Alington, Lord Tennyson, Lord Lothian, and Lady Astor on the Prince's Club golf course, when White's Club Golf Handicap Tournament was held

occasionally spreads itself, he concentrates on legal aspects and eschews sensationalism.

But that is not to say that he is dull. On the contrary, to feel that one is on sane and solid ground in reconsidering a case over which such floods of false sentiment have been poured out as the Thompson and Bywaters trial, is peculiarly interesting as well as something of a relief.

HERE is Mr. Storry Deans's answer to those who, in this sordid drama, protested against the law taking two lives for one. "It is most important to preserve the principle of law that he who eggs on another person to commit a crime so that he does it is as guilty of the crime as the person who executes it. If it were not so, the clever fellow who finds dupes to remove his enemies from his path might escape, or, at most, merely undergo a much milder punishment than the fool upon whose mind his suggestions had worked."

A YEAR or two ago little Harry Preston came very near to death. Being one of the few persons in this hard world in whom a sense of genuine gratitude exists, he is never tired of telling you that he owes his life to the skill of doctors. This has made him all the keener in his desire to help on hospitals in general and the Royal Sussex County Hospital in particular—a work on which he has been engaged for ages.

THE time for Harry's annual "in-aid-of" International Boxing Tournament is approaching. Date, Tuesday, June 7. Place, the Dome, Brighton. Time, 8 p.m. The big draw (very big indeed) is Carnera himself, and the names of the brave men who will each stand up to him, or be knocked down by him, in a three-minute round are Don McCorkindale, John Pettifer, Walter Neusel, Jack O'Malley, and Capt. Ernest Chandler.

I MENTION their names because they are true heroes and because a biff of Carnera-like dimensions is distinctly one of those things it is more blessed to give than to receive. I have just seen, by the way, a cast of one of Carnera's hands at Punch's Club—an appropriate place for it. One evening, when the lights were dim, they mistook it for the cold ham and started to carve it.

THERE have been several generous donors to Harry Preston's hospital fund. People give blank canvases, Sealyham pups, and Heaven knows what else. Sir Milsom Rees, the great larynxologist—I can spell it, but cannot pronounce it—has given, so Harry tells me, a cheque for £250. Sir Milsom, when he is not peering down the throats of Royalties and opera singers, is occupied in doing kindly actions, a job of which he never wearies.

Polo at Ranelagh

G. Madlener, J. A. E. Traill, H. H. Hughes, and D. J. Frost, the Merchiston team which beat the Chinchillas with a 4½ goals handicap by 13 goals to 7½

A Heavy Weight for an Aeroplane

Primo Carnera, acting as his own porter when arriving at Croydon

Swanson in All Her Gloria

Gloria Swanson, with her husband, Michael Farmer, enjoying the sunshine at Juan-les-Pins. She may be making a picture in England

White's Club at Sandwich

Mr. R. Sutton, Sir J. Milbanke, Major le Roy Burnham, Mrs. Martin Smith, and Lieut.-Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon are included in the group gathered about the first tee. The Prince of Wales was also among the competitors at this Meeting

My Weekly Thought

Privileged Woman

By Norman Thwaites

By Wilson Fenning

"See where it's gone, caddie?"
"No, Sir. 'Ave you looked to see if it's started yet?"

THERE is a certain type of acidulated spinster who rejoices at the success attained by what is still called the feminist movement, which has resulted in the oppression of man when man happens also to be a husband. The "defiant virgins, fiercely unpossessed" who, with others, screamed in pre-war days for rights and privileges about which they appear to be astonishingly indifferent to-day, are apt to gloat at the spectacle of the married man who, denied by the Married Women's Property Act of any control of his wife's income, earned or unearned, is yet responsible for her debts, for her income-tax, and for her "torts" or misdemeanours.

The situation was brought home to me when reading the report of the proceedings of the National Association of Trade Protection Societies last week. Some of the speeches should bring comfort to the harassed householder who endeavours to strike a just and honourable balance between his obligations to the Collector of Taxes and his liabilities to the tradesmen who feed and clothe his family.

A PROTEST was made by Mr. Cuthbert Greig against the bullying of the unhappy man who is dilatory in the payment of his bills, and the third-degree methods in which some debt collectors indulge. He instanced a firm that wrote to a customer: "Unless you pay your account, we shall call and inform your employer," and went on to scold the trader who thinks that a tardy client should be shown no quarter in the effort to screw money out of him.

As a matter of strict fact, the Trade Protection Societies are not the worst offenders. If a man shows a genuine desire to settle his bills, the Trade Societies are remarkably tolerant and anxious to meet the difficulties of the debtor. I am told that gentlemen of the law are much more harsh and less polite when making demands for payments.

A law firm recently wrote to one of their victims: "We are surprised [they are always surprised at what must in these days be of daily occurrence] that you have not settled our client's account. Unless a cheque is sent immediately by return of post, we shall take steps to enforce payment without further notice."

The luckless customer, returning from absence abroad, promptly sent his cheque, not to the lawyer, but to the firm to whom he owed the money, with the remark: "This letter is not at all like the invariable courtesy extended by your good selves. Your legal adviser has frightened away a modest but honest customer. Manners makyth man."

AT the Trade Protection Association meeting a resolution was adopted urging an amendment to the bankruptcy laws so far as they concern the debts of women possessing husbands. It was remarked that as women are now able to compete with men in every way economically and rob them of jobs, they should be made to face their responsibilities.

The ridiculous situation is exemplified by dozens of cases of men married to wealthy women. I know a man married to an heiress. His total earnings are considerably less than the annual assessment upon her income, and yet he is responsible, on her behalf, to the Treasury for a sum of money which he is obviously quite unable to pay. Incidentally, as a recent case reminds me, he is responsible for his wife's "torts," and may be haled to court and punished for any libellous utterance in which a loose-tongued wife may indulge. And yet feminists still clamour for further privileges!

THESE comments were bitterly expressed to me by a friend who is suffering the humiliation of just this situation. His wife is in debt, her large surtax unpaid, and she has gone abroad leaving him to face the music. He finds, further, that under the law as it stands, a wife can refuse to live with her husband, decline to pay her share in the upkeep of the home, however wealthy she may be, and that she cannot be imprisoned for debt, even when she is engaged in fraudulent transactions, so long as there is a wretched husband about the premises.

The only thing a woman must be careful to avoid is to be caught in adultery; otherwise she appears to be able to do anything she darn well pleases and escape the penalty of the law. In fact, a married woman is permitted to take all and give nothing, according to my irate friend.

Mr. Punch's advice to those about to marry would appear to be better founded than ever.

A Chigwell Ceremony

A group taken after the wedding of Mr. H. R. Thompson and Miss D. C. Hilliard, which took place recently at Chigwell Row. Mr. Tony Hilliard, brother of the bride, the best man, is seen on the left, and the sister of the bridegroom, Miss Noel Thompson, the chief bridesmaid, is on the right

If your horse occupies this position rounding Tattenham Corner, better luck next time!

England Expects—

or, rather, England Hopes!

Since the inauguration of the Irish Sweep the excitement over the Derby is more intense than it has ever been. There are fortunes from Ireland awaiting someone or other, and if you have been so dead to shame as to purchase a ticket in the Sweep, "The Bystander" wishes you the best of luck

The favourite! Mr. W. M. G. Singer's Orwell (R. A. Jones up)

The Eyes of the World Upon Him

Mr. J. O'Sheenan, director of the Draw for the Irish Hospitals Sweepstakes, who announces the name and number upon every counter-foil drawn from the drum

By MEL

The Cult of the Blo

"No Stab the Soul Can Kill"

Miriam Hopkins, whose latest film, "Dancers in the Dark," is shortly to be shown in London. The film centres round a dance hall, where Miriam Hopkins, one of the dancing girls, falls in love with a saxophone player. In this clever production, the camera is turned into a sort of Robot dancing partner

"The Golden Eloqu ce

Gwila Andre, the Danish beauty, who is playing o posit She has recently signed a long-term contract with R. dramatic training for the stage in Denmark, a d; her fotture, where she was discovered photogra hica

onde on the Screen

ace of Innocence"

posite to Richard Dix in "Roar of the Dragon." R.N.O.-Radio Pictures. She received her first d," later, went to New York in order to seek hically as a potential film star by Steichen

"Her Pleasure in Her Power to Charm"

Jeanette Macdonald, who, in the new Paramount film, "One Hour With You," is again starring with Maurice Chevalier. She appears as his wife, and has, as usual, a large singing part. In their next film, specially written for them, these famous stars will play parts bearing their own names—Jeanette and Maurice

Photograph by Peter North (Inset by Lenare)

The "Young Marrieds"

A New "Bystander" Series

No. 1. Mr. Studley Herbert and the Countess of Seafield

Mr. Studley Herbert and the Countess of Seafield have spent a lovely lotus-eating existence in the South of France since their marriage, but at the moment they are visiting Castle Grant, in Scotland, for two months. Mr. Studley Herbert was, in his still younger days, a noted athlete at Eton

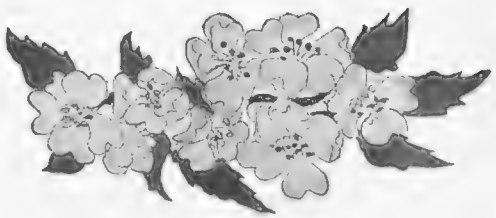
A Portfolio of Fashion

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

WHITE organdie printed in pale pink flowers outlined with black makes the charming Ascot or garden-party gown on the left. A fitted waist-line, innumerable frills, puff sleeves and a pink velvet sash are just a few of its attractions. This dress, and the accompanying felt hat with its matching posy of flowers, comes from Marshall & Snelgrove. On the right is an equally becoming gown of blue organdie, worn over a slip of silver tissue. This is trimmed with trails of leaves, made of the blue organdie, and the ruched and frilled hat is also of the same material. This youthful ensemble comes from Harvey Nichols

OLD FRIENDS WITH

Some Surprising Uses for British Cotton—



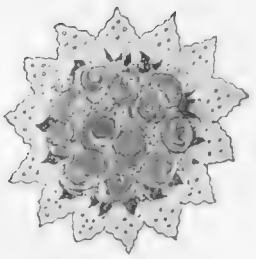
ON the left is shown a white piqué dress of excellent cut trimmed with frills of white organdie, a combination which is unusually becoming owing to the difference of texture in the two materials. The figure beside it is wearing a dress of pink check Tobralco which has a tight-fitting basque and a shoulder cape trimmed with twin flounces of white organdie

PALE pink organdie makes the charming gown sketched below on the left, which has an immensely full skirt composed of flared panels. The sash is of wine-red velvet, and flowers of the same two colours compose the bodice and the hair ornaments. On the right a dress patterned with pink and black daisies has an asymmetrical cape caught by a posy of flowers

AT the beginning of the season a white piqué evening gown was launched which proved an instantaneous success, and since then there has been hardly any gathering of importance at which at least one such model was not present. The perversity of Parisian designers has now decreed that gingham, hitherto considered only suitable for washing dresses, and then only for the very young, shall be made into evening gowns. Linen, both printed and plain, is also used by many famous couturiers. Molyneux allies a yellow linen gown to a brown velvet wrap; Mainbocher's most successful mid-summer evening gown is of printed linen with cape sleeves of organdie; Worth has a charming blue linen gown which manages to impart an air of extreme formality; and several of Chanel's prettiest evening gowns for very young girls are made in piqué or printed cotton fabrics (two of these models are illustrated on page 430). Never has there been a season which offered more opportunities to the British manufacturer of cotton fabrics, for nowhere in the world are such charming materials of this description to be found.

The names of such materials are legion, but amongst them Tobralco deserves an honourable mention, and it is of this material that several of the designs shown on these pages are made. It has the advantage of crushing decidedly less than does linen or lawn, and its tiny, brightly coloured designs lend themselves well to the type of dress which looks best carried out in cotton materials. These all insist on full, flared skirts and a very fitted waist-line, and one of the prettiest conceits is to adorn the neck of the dress, and the tops of very short gloves with a garland of flowers to match the design printed on the fabric.

NEW FACES —and Woollen Materials



A ONE-PIECE dress of grey Viyella, designed by Peggy Morris, has a clever one-sided coat effect and a pointed collar of yellow silk to accentuate the line. The belt is plaited in two colours, and the sleeves resemble immensely wide and very smart gauntlets

A COTTON material with a white ground dotted with tiny field flowers makes this delightful gown, with its off-the-shoulder bodice and its many frills. Tiny garlands of poppies, daisies and cornflowers, make a necklace and trim the short white gloves

Scions

ALTHOUGH the much-talked-of return of the coat-frock has resolved itself into a few smart tailored dresses worn with small matching hats or straw boaters, and a great many extremely becoming long coats which ape the slender silhouette of a dress, the necessity of a one-piece dress of light-weight wool is as urgent during the summer as the winter months. Many of them boast small capes or tiny jackets which, although not worthy of the name, present a most personable appearance, even if they cannot in any way be said to consider the wearer's warmth or comfort. Some of them are trimmed with starched lace collar and cuffs, others have scarves twisted round the neck, either of striped romain or of the deeply crinkled silk which Schiaparelli has so successfully launched. Nearly all have some note of contrasting colour, and it is this method of decoration which Peggy Morris has employed in the attractive dress in which she is seen in the photograph on this page which is carried out in grey Viyella with a collar and plaited belt of yellow silk. This is one of the several British materials which have recently appeared in new guises and is a fabric which lends itself unusually well to the making of dresses of this description, for its pliancy is proverbial and its texture renders it both light and warm. Above all, it *looks* chic, and can be obtained not only in lovely colours, but in those colours which are smart and which we all, therefore, crave. The design shown above is, like most of this young English designer's, original without being eccentric, and the diagonal lines and one-sided collar are unusually becoming. Another material which Peggy Morris has used to good purpose is a coarse Irish flax linen, and Finnigan's are showing a suit of this material in which the coat is dark brown and the skirt is woven in natural colour and brown to represent tweed; with this is worn a jumper crocheted in strands of the natural unbleached flax.

Yevonde

PIQUÉ ORGANDIE AND CRÊPE

SILKS and satins, velvets and brocades have recently suffered an eclipse and new materials, or very old ones returned to favour, have usurped their place. Chief amongst the new-comers is a series of crêpes, sometimes so deeply crinkled as to appear corrugated, sometimes unevenly blistered, but nearly always uncrushable. Of such a material is the sea-green gown worn by the Countess Bosdari in the accompanying photograph. This is a Molyneux model and is conspicuous for its slender and becoming lines. The flowers on the shoulder are twin poppies, and the hem of the dress is made of chiffon to match their scarlet petals. On the opposite page, on the far left, the Countess de la Falaise shows how charmingly up-to-date white piqué can be made to look when fashioned by Chanel into a gown of extreme simplicity and trimmed with tiny garlands of daisies. Even the short white gloves are bordered with the same small flowers. Beside her stands Miss June Child, the pretty daughter of Madame Davila de Peña, dressed in a white organdie gown through whose ruchings wide blue ribbons are threaded. This is also a Chanel model, and was one of the most successful which that talented designer created out of British materials this season

Lord Westmorland and E. Martin Smith, two competitors in White's Club Golf Handicap Tournament, which took place at the Prince's Club course at Sandwich

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

Some Thoughts on Defeat

It has come at last. The impregnable fortress hitherto manned so successfully by our lady golfers has fallen, and fallen with a bang. Solace for this defeat can only be achieved if the ladies' individual Championship at Saunton, which takes place in the near future, can be retained.

At Wentworth, on Saturday, May 21—a date which at least eight of our British golfers will remember with a shudder for many years to come—the team of American lady golfers, headed by Mrs. E. H. Vare, and captained from the club-house by Miss Marion Hollins, scored a comparatively easy victory over the chosen ladies of Great Britain by five points to three on the day's play, with one match halved. The foundation for this success was laid most adequately in the morning by the American ladies when they won all of the three foursomes contested. The story of these three defeats may, in two cases, be left to the last hole—and it is a sad story indeed!

The last hole of the course at Wentworth, which took the match, is a hard four but an easy five, yet Mrs. Vare and Mrs. Hill, playing against Miss Joyce Wethered and Miss Wanda Morgan, won that hole for the match in six; and Miss M. Orcutt and Mrs. Cheney, playing against Miss Gourlay and Miss Park, won this hole in six also for the match. It would be wrong to describe these dreadful performances as typical of the morning play. That would be a little too severe; but, all the same, the golf in the morning, considering the importance of the occasion and the ability of the ladies concerned, can only be described as something not very far short of lamentable. This is in no way an exhibition of sour grapes, because the American ladies, although they did win all the three matches, cannot be excused from censure. I don't suppose that they excused themselves.

The Championship Across the Border

R. Oppenheimer (centre) with A. S. Bradshaw and G. M. Adam, three competitors in the Amateur Open Championship, which took place at Muirfield

In the afternoon, however, to the great relief of a very large crowd, the golf was of a considerably higher standard, and in certain cases reached even greater heights than the level which is always expected of these ladies. Miss Joyce Wethered, for instance, meeting Mrs. Vare for the third time in a single, was relentlessly accurate against her opponent, and won very easily quite early in the round. Miss Wilson, playing against Miss Hicks, gave her opponent no chance to benefit from the excellent golf which she played, and won on the seventeenth green. In the third match, a very good golfer indeed in Miss Wanda Morgan played against a very good golfer indeed in Miss Virginia van Wie, and, in spite of holding the lead for most of the round, found the American lady just too good for her. Miss van Wie is almost the most impressive of all the American ladies, for she has a beautiful swing, not merely in a full shot, but also on all those delicate occasions when near the green. Added to this, putting apparently has no fears for her, and her method of attacking the ball on the green is one which makes this easy to understand. Miss van Wie held on to Miss Morgan, caught her up after being down, and passed her, to become one up with two to play at the sixteenth hole. She was merciless at the short seventeenth and holed a great putt for a two to win her match. Miss Diana Fishwick made short work of Miss Orcutt, but Miss Gourlay could only halve with Mrs. Hill. The final blow was delivered by Mrs. Cheney for America; she made very short work indeed of Miss Corlett.

It is always a dangerous, and very often unfair, attitude for a critic to adopt when he blames defeat on to selection. On the other hand, there are certain features connected with the choices of the English side which I think shriek aloud for explanation, in view of what has happened in the remote past, and not only with regard to this match. Any of you who care to look back on the records of the Walker Cup matches against America, will find that of the ten golfers sent out to play for Great Britain usually all ten have taken part in the eight-a-side match, whereas our opponents have nearly always played the same men both in singles and in foursomes. In 1923, for instance, Willis MacKenzie was played in the singles and not in the foursomes, Hooman, who had partnered Robert Harris, standing down to make way for him. Just to give you one more example, in 1928 J. B. Beck and Dr. A. R. MacCallum, who played in the foursomes, were not played in the singles, R. H. Hardman and H. N. C. Martin taking their places. This is an attitude which I find very difficult to understand. Surely it must be obvious from ten people which eight are playing best at the time, and it seems to me that those eight should represent their country both in the singles and the foursomes. There are certain obvious exceptions—when a man may not be well, and it may be inadvisable to play him twice in the same day, although this excuse, while applicable to the ladies, since their matches are of eighteen holes, is not reasonable for the men, since their matches are over thirty-six All the same, something very similar seems to have been done on this occasion.

The ladies' match was played six a-side, and eight British ladies were chosen from whom the final selection was going to be made. When the pairings and the order for play in the singles were made known, it was noticeable that Mrs. Watson and Miss Park, who played in the foursomes, were superseded by Miss Fishwick and Miss Corlett for the singles. We in Great Britain pride ourselves that we are good foursome players. Certainly we ought to be as compared with the Americans, since we play many more foursomes than they do; in fact, nearly all their matches in which four players take part are four-ball foursomes. Yet our dismal record in the Walker Cup over foursomes leads us to wonder, and the latest performance on the part of our ladies almost confirms our doubt. It is true that Miss Fishwick has recently been suffering from an injury, and perhaps it was for this reason that she was only played in the singles. I sincerely hope so. I am not at all sure that I approve of what looks so dreadfully like charitable inclusion.

Or was it just that we were a trifle too easy-going and over-confident?

"Oh, dear! What can the matter be?"

The British Women Golfers defeated by U.S.A. *Invaders*

Above: The gallery following the Wethered-Morgan v. Vare-Hill foursome to the second green during the International Golf Match. The American pair just won by one up

Above: Miss H. Hicks and Miss V. van Wie (U.S.A.) leaving the seventeenth green after their victory over Miss E. Wilson and Mrs. Watson by two and one

Centre: The defeated British team. Miss J. Wethered, Miss W. Morgan, Miss E. Wilson, Mrs. J. Watson, Miss M. Gourlay, Miss D. Park, Miss D. Fishwick and Miss E. Corlett

Right: The victorious American team. Miss M. Orcutt, Mrs. O. S. Hill, Miss van Wie, Miss H. Hicks, Mrs. Collett Vare, Miss M. Hollins (non-playing Captain), Mrs. Higbie, and Mrs. L. P. Cheney

With the Flag of their Country

Miss Joyce Wethered and Mrs. Collett Vare in their match, which was won by the former by six and four after a round of thoroughly sound golf

Books of the Day

The Romance of a Prime Minister

By "Junius"

Mr. Gerard Fairlie

(left,) whose new golfing thriller, "Shot in the Dark," has been published by Hodder and Stoughton

DURING two hundred years, Mr. H. A. Taylor reminds us in the introduction to his biography, *The Strange Case of Andrew Bonar Law* (Stanley Paul; 18s.), we have had thirty-six Prime Ministers. Bonar Law was "admittedly unorthodox by contrast with his predecessors. He was of obscure Colonial origin. No famous English school could claim him as its product. He had not graduated at a University. At a time in life when other Conservative leaders had been following their predestined course through Eton, or Harrow, Bonar Law was occupying a clerical stool in a Glasgow merchant's office."

Bonar Law was the son of an Irish Presbyterian minister who had migrated to Canada with his Scottish wife. He was born in New Brunswick, and lived there until he was twelve. Then he was taken to Glasgow by a relative of his mother, and ultimately entered a firm of iron merchants.

As Mr. J. L. Garvin said of Bonar Law's life: "Taken from beginning to end his course was like a political novel." And I have found Mr. Taylor's memoir more engrossing than most novels. He gives you the man as he was; a man who, by his absolute sincerity, single-mindedness, and belief in his ideals, impressed the country as no other Prime Minister has impressed it in our time.

He was forty-two when he entered Parliament. In less than twelve years he stood at the head of the Conservative Party, and ultimately defeated Mr. Lloyd George, "the most powerful Prime Minister of modern times, and succeeded to the highest office in the service of the Crown."

It is indeed a strange history, this passage of the son of a Presbyterian manse in a Canadian province to the supreme office of English Prime Minister. Mr. Taylor sums up the story so succinctly that I quote him:

"Yet he never thrilled an audience great or small. He was never a popular hero, and was shy of applause. . . . He did not leave one piece of legislation that could be called his memorial, nor does history disclose a single epigram or peroration as his epitaph. Yet he was loved by a nation, mourned by an Empire, and was buried among kings."

I'VE thoroughly enjoyed *The Odyssey of Euphemia Tracy* (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.), by Richmal Crompton. First, because just as one rejoices in the punishment of the villain in a play, so you rejoice when a good woman's years of self-sacrifice to a wicked and exacting father are rewarded with love and a husband in the last chapter. Euphemia Tracy is a delightfully lovable and capable person—the housekeeper everyone would wish to possess. But I just have a little doubt as to whether the families she serves—and especially their in-laws—would come to heel so promptly under her playing the goddess in the machinery. However, be that as it may, Euphemia's story is charming; sometimes deeply touching.

Mr. Charles Gilson

A new portrait of the author of "Wild Metal," a novel recently published by Jarrolds

MISS CHRISTINE JOPE-SLADE had a very interesting central idea for her novel, *Ice Cold Marriage* (Cassell; 7s. 6d.). This was a girl of high ideals of life and conduct who influenced everybody about her. But in the telling of the story Gay Clarke becomes anything but a sympathetic figure. At times she approaches perilously near to priggishness. Her marriage, too, is not compatible with high ideals. She marries a man who has been twice divorced, chiefly because he is rich, on the understanding that they are to remain friends until they fall in love with one another—hence the book's title.

Miss Jope-Slade has placed her characters in a setting of a dress-making establishment. Gay is a mannequin—Maida Vale, smart restaurants, and night-clubs, an atmosphere not exactly conducive to high ideals. She doubtless knows the world of which she is writing, but do mannequins and their friends talk exactly like the characters in an American film? All the men say "O.K." Gay's sister says to her: "You think you're the only one around town," and all the girls use expressions indigenous to the United States which sometimes call for a glossary. Naturally, Gay falls in love with her husband. As I have said, an excellent central idea, but Miss Jope-Slade's presentment deprives it of the sympathy which her heroine should have inspired.

"KISS AND TELL" (Werner Laurie; 3s. 6d.), by Lillian Day, bears a red notice on its cover, "Rejected by the Book Society." After you have read the book you understand why the Society rejected it. Actually, it is *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, with lots of water and a suggestiveness which is often crude, one would have imagined, even for America. Here and there are witty lines, such as "Harold was the kind of husband who would tie a washing machine with a red ribbon and call it a Christmas present." But it is not a book to be left lying about.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Frank O'Connor showed high imaginative power and an unusual gift of writing in a volume of short stories, *Guests of the Nation*, published last year, he had yet to win his spurs as a novelist. His first novel, *The Saint and Mary Kate* (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.), fulfils the promise of his short stories, with one exception. Its opening chapters require more thought and patience in determining the characters and their relationships to one another than some readers are inclined to devote to a novel. But the characters themselves are outstanding.

The saint of the title is an Irish boy, a carpenter, Phil Dinan, who is perilously near to religious mania. But for Mr. O'Connor's skill in making you believe in the boy's sincerity, he would be a prig of the first water. Mary Kate is the illegitimate daughter of a prostitute. The story opens in a squalid quarter in Cork. Mary Kate goes to Dublin. The boy, believing she is in danger of hell-fire, goes after her. Their journey back to Cork is one of the best descriptions in a book which has vivid touches of life and reality on nearly every page. But the book, I think, will stand by its characterisation. Mr. O'Connor has the gift of seeing into the very souls of his people, be they saints or sinners.

AT FIRST—*it was just a small bottle with my lunch at a restaurant*

THEN—*I liked it so much that we ordered two flagons for the children to try*

NOW—*I buy it by the case—it costs only 10½d. per Screw Flagon (6 glasses)*

Thus Grows the Wonderful Demand for

WHITEWAY'S CYDRAX

Non-alcoholic Medium-sweet Sparkling

MADE FROM APPLE-JUICE

as used for

WHITEWAY'S CYDER

The percentage of alcohol in our regular brands of cyder is not excessive, but many people want a similar beverage free from alcohol.
Cydrax contains the valuable health-giving properties of the apple. It is of medium sweetness and its delightful sparkling character—so full of bubbling life—makes it the ideal temperance drink.

CYDRAX CUP RECIPE

1 flagon Whiteway's Cydrax	10½d.	*2 tablespoons white sugar*	1d.
1 bottle dry ginger ale	4d.	*1 orange (or fresh fruit if in season)*	2d.
½ glass raspberry (or other fruit) syrup	5d.	*Ice, if available.*	
Juice of 1 lemon (leave 2 slices in)	1½d.	*Total*	1s. 10d.

10½d SCREW QUART FLAGON
(DEVON & CORNWALL 9d)
Flagon charged and allowed on return

TRY WHITEWAY'S LATEST SUCCESS
CYDER BON-BONS
a Devonshire apple-juice product

3D & 6D per packet.

These BON-BONS are of the same high standard of quality as all other Whiteway products. They are made from apples, Devonshire cyder, and pure cane sugar, and are a most delicious, wholesome and economical sweet.

3D & 6D per packet.

THE PERFECT TEMPERANCE DRINK
OBTAINABLE WHEREVER BEVERAGES ARE SOLD

Hot Cop

By Richard Watkins

Illustrated by C. Linden

It was the fifth day of the heat wave, and although the shimmering, blistering climax of three p.m. was yet to come, young Patrolman Dan Mara was feeling the heat.

Already Mara had, in addition to his patrolling duties, carried an old man and two women from the fierce heat of the sidewalks up to their oven-like tenement rooms. Now, on Ninth Avenue, he was officiating on the heavy end of a stretcher upon which reposed a done-in gentleman who must have weighed as close to two hundred and twenty as Patrolman Mara himself.

"Up with him!" Mara muttered, and he and the driver and the surgeon all lifted together and shoved the stretcher into the ambulance. Then they paused, gasping, and Mara raised his uniform cap to let a trickle of perspiration run down his face and shoot off his solid chin on to his even more solid, blue-coated chest.

"Glory!" he said, managing a smile of satisfaction and winking his eyes to get the sting of the salt sweat out of them. "For a moment there, doctor, I was going to drag the lad off the stretcher and collapse on ye myself. Glory!"

He leaned against the back of the ambulance and fumbled in his pocket for a book. An elevated train, banging and clattering, passed overhead, but Mara never blinked an eyelid.

"Let's go!" said the young surgeon impatiently. He was thin as a lath, almost impervious to heat waves, and anxious to try his talents upon something more unusual than a prostration.

"One moment," said the patrolman, turning the pages of his book. "I'll just look up the face of this one in me new picture bulletin to make sure the department doesn't want him. There was an officer from my house once that lent a man five cents for ferry fare. When it turned out the lad was a wanted forger it cost him a week's pay and a word in his ear from the Commissioner himself."

The ambulance driver laughed harshly. "You rookies are thorough when you start massaging the sidewalk, but it don't last."

Dan Mara maintained an offended silence as he inspected the sixteen photographs on the pages of his bulletin.

"No, this poor fellow's none o' these beauties," he said reluctantly. "Be off to your cool hospital with him, but stand by for another call. If the sun don't quit burning up me beat, I'll be throwing a little trade your way—in person."

The ambulance surgeon, already on the step, turned and looked at the red, wet face of the young cop with sudden interest.

"You're a swell subject for heat apoplexy," he assured Dan Mara earnestly. "You're too fat. You bulge all over."

"Fat!" snapped Mara. "Me? You're talking to the champion hammer-thrower of the department. And 'tis not fat that slings hammers. Bulge, do I? And why not? Am I not my own pack-horse? Listen!"

Impressively he ticked off finger after finger as he spoke: "The patrolman will carry with him at all times one information bulletin—that book I showed ye—one revolver, extra cartridges for same, one blackjack, one nippers—handcuffs, they are—one billie, one whistle, one notebook, one summons book, one copy of departmental rules and regulations, one manual of procedure, one signal box key, pencil, and a guide to the city streets."

The surgeon, examining the bumpy contours of Mara's stalwart figure, laughed shortly.

"And, of course, if a man wants to carry a handkerchief, his own keys, a watch, a knife, a flashlight, and a nickel or two of his own, the department will not object," Mara added. "But undo one button of this lightweight—God save us—uniform to ease the load, and they'll put ye on trial."

Again the surgeon laughed. "I'll have some ice ready for you," he said.

The ambulance clanged away, travelling fast to stir up a breeze.

Dan Mara pushed through the languid crowd that had watched, and dragged himself into the shade of an awning. But the shade was a disappointment, for it seemed somehow hotter than the sun.

"Heat apoplexy!" the young cop muttered, with all a strong man's fear of disease. "That's what I've been fightin' off since that hot pork sandwich for lunch. Heat apoplexy! That would look fine on a man's service record—'suffers from heat apoplexy'! 'Twould be as bad as fits!"

He shook his head and suddenly became thoughtful. He was still thoughtful when he propelled his ponderous form down the blazing avenue and rounded the block into a side street.

When he returned he seemed a new man. He hummed to himself, poked his finger at a wide-eyed baby, and lifted his feet instead of dragging them.

Three o'clock approached, but Patrolman Mara still showed no signs of wilting. He listened alertly when his ear caught the distant clang of a bell. The sound was plain, but it came no nearer.

"That's no ambulance—it's a patrol waggon," he told himself. The shrill note of squealing horns rang in his ears shortly afterwards. Mara was a young cop, but he sensed the stir of an unusual event somewhere beyond the limits of his patrol.

However, nothing came of it—nothing, that is, until he turned round and saw Detective-Sergeant Barney Kennard headed his way. Barney was generally a jovial soul, ready to pass a joke or a bit of gossip down the line. But now his face had business written all over it, and grim business at that.

"Seen a tall, thin fellow—wrinkled yellowish face, with the snag of a tooth sticking out beyond his lips?" he demanded curtly of the policeman. The detective's eyes roved the street as he spoke.

"I have seen him," said Dan Mara promptly. "But only on page three of me new bulletin."

"Well, you may see him on your beat any minute," Barney snapped. "This fellow—Jack Crass—is a stick-up, a killer, long wanted. Yesterday a couple of men from a Queen's precinct picked him up in a car on the Queensboro Bridge. To-day they brought him to headquarters to show his mug in the line-up. Somehow he grabbed the gun of one of 'em and let him have it—right in the police headquarters!"

"Glory!" muttered Dan Mara. His big jaw sagged.

"Glory's where that careless dick is gone," the detective-sergeant confirmed. "But that's just the start of it. He beat it—got away. And with that police gun he sticks up a movie theatre box-office on Broadway just now, kills a doorman, and takes another gun and eight hundred—plenty for a long getaway or hideout. That's why he tried the daylight stuff, of course."

Dan Mara looked around distrustfully, as if he expected the assassin to spring upon his broad back any instant.

"But we'll take him!" Barney Kennard declared bitterly. "We'll get that lad—we will! He hasn't gone far. The precinct's swarming with reserves, and most of the plain

(All rights strictly reserved.)
[All the characters and incidents in this story are entirely fictitious.]

clothes men in the borough are headed this way. They 're stopping taxicabs, waiting in stations, watching street buses."

"I 'll be looking for him," Dan Mara said.

"Watch yourself!" Kennard warned. "The Commissioner's on the prance in person. He 's shooting about in his car with four cabs full of reporters after him, throwing an airtight cordon around the district. Hell 's popping! The Commish has broke a dick and suspended three harness bulls already—one of 'em had a button gone off his pants. He 's wild! Watch yourself."

"I 'll look out for the both of them—the Commish and Cr——" Dan Mara promised, but the detective was already swinging away from him.

Dan saw him stride on at a pace that defied the very fires of Tophet. At the next corner Kennard's partner, Bill Lovell, came down off the elevated station and joined him with a shake of the head. The two detectives swung round into the side street, heading towards Broadway.

From Dan Mara's agitated interior a word welled up, a word of his father and his father's father, that alone would express his feelings.

"Wurra!" he groaned. "And me—wurra!"

He caught the glint of his signal light calling him to the telephone-box. Stopping dead, he stared at the beckoning light with eyes on stalks. Then he turned his back on it and started at a run for the same side street that the detectives had gone down.

It was a street of sizzling tenements, and it seemed quiet enough. Dan Mara rushed along it almost to Eighth Avenue. Suddenly he halted.

From ahead of him came shouts and screams. A swirl of civilians and blue-uniformed men crossed the street and vanished southward in the avenue. And then they came back—running, jostling each other in the wildest confusion.

As Mara paused, staring hard, his eyes took in a big black car that had drawn up in the midst of that confusion. It was the Commissioner's car—his keen eyes caught the glint of the shield in front of the radiator.

"And on my beat!" he moaned. He wavered on his feet, not far from heat apoplexy or something else. Then, silently, he turned round and moved away from the excitement.

The sound of a shot, muffled, loud enough to rise commandingly above all that tumult, smote Dan Mara's ears. He whirled. After the shot came instantly another massing of men—this time about an old tenement building on the south side of the street, close to the corner. Dan saw plainly the entrance about which they grouped.

"Wurra!" It was a wail of anguish this time. Dan Mara got on to his toes. He pelted down the street towards that crowd like a lost soul racing towards water. He was there in no time, and he fought his way to the middle of it, despite the snarls and threats of detectives, reporters, and uniformed men alike.

Before any man could shout or move Dan Mara had gone leaping after the barrel, four steps at a time

In the centre of the crowd, close to the building line, was the Commissioner. And at his feet lay a man—Bill Lovell, Barney Kennard's partner. And Kennard knelt beside the man, undoing his blood-stained shirt.

Mara, taking that all in in a glance, turned his eyes with dreadful intensity toward a flight of stone steps leading down into a black aperture that was a basement entrance.

There was a crude sign, "Ice, Coal and Wood," at the top, and on the stairs themselves was a trail of blood from the bottom up to the place on the sidewalk where Lovell lay. No word was needed to tell Dan Mara where Jack Crass had taken to earth. The black opening of the cellar seemed very like the dark entrance of a tomb, the abode of death itself, quiet, waiting, certain. A man in that doorway would be a fair target, and he could hope to see nothing in that gloom for several seconds. But the man within could see. He had proved that—on Bill Lovell. Suddenly Barney Kennard ceased his ministrations and stood up; his white face grimly purposeful.

"He 's alive," he said curtly.

Without another word he drew his automatic and started toward the steps.

"Stop!" the Commissioner commanded, seizing the black-browed detective by the shoulder. "I won't lose another man. We 'll wait and gas him out of there."

"There 's a family down there in the back—you can't use gas—and he might find some way——" Barney Kennard protested, laying a hand on the Commissioner's arm.

"And whose beat is this?" Dan Mara burst out.

He swung round, knocking a camera-man flying out of his way. His big hands shot out and plucked a full barrel of ashes off the sidewalk. With a single swing of his big body he sent it hurtling down the steps. Thunderously the big can, gushing out its contents, bounced down out of sight.

Before any man could shout or move Dan Mara had gone leaping after the barrel, four steps at a time. There was a final shattering crash from the dark opening below. In that instant Dan's big, blue-coated figure, empty-handed, had vanished in the dense white cloud of dust. From the black cellar, in thickening, stifling swirls, the powder of ashes floated upward. And with the blinding cloud came the deep, echoing blare of shots.

(Continued on page 448)

Events at the Flying Clubs

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Cross-Country Flying

THE race for the *Morning Post* Trophy proved as good a test of skill in navigation as the promoters could have devised. Thirty machines, mostly light aeroplanes, took part, and seventeen finished the course, in weather which was so bad that the Southall gasholder, barely 2000 yards from the tarmac at Heston, was practically invisible. The winner, Mr. F. R. Walker, of Liverpool, who is an amateur, with less than 250 hours in the air, must have kept a remarkably true course to average over 108 miles an hour. His machine was a Puss Moth, and two others of that type also averaged more than a hundred, flown by Miss Spooner, who was very unlucky to be disqualified from holding second place, and Mr. Gordon Selfridge Junr. Flying-Officer Bailey, on a Comper Swift, and Mr. E. C. T. Edwards, on a Hawker Tomtit, each averaged 101. Mr. Walker learnt to fly at Hanworth, and bought his machine only a short time before the race from Messrs. Brian Lewis. The Hon. M. Hachisuka, a Japanese pilot, finished fourteenth in his Gypsy Moth, and showed considerable persistence in getting into Heston at all, for he made a forced landing on Hampstead Heath in very bad weather just before dark.

The Flying School at Heston has been inundated with people wanting to learn to fly. Above is Miss B. Scott Ellis, daughter of Lady Howard de Walden, with her instructor, Captain Baker, who is Chief Pilot of the School

Air-Traffic Control

ON Derby Day, Scotland Yard is employing for the first time a traffic policeman who will carry out his job from the air. The machine is to be an open two-seater Autogiro, with Flight-Lieut. R. E. H. Allen as pilot, and the "cop" will be an officer of the Traffic Control Branch. One of the latest Marconi portable wireless sets is being installed in the machine, which will be in touch all the time with fixed and mobile units on the ground. This experiment is interesting, because the Autogiro is the only type in production which could be used safely to operate at a low altitude over a large crowd of people. In the United States air-traffic police are not an innovation, for at several of the busy airports they are employed to control arrivals and departures, and on the coast they have been equipped with seaplanes to deal with smugglers.

Captain W. L. Hope in the pilot's seat, and Mr. Mollison getting out of the Fox Moth, the latest de Havilland machine for air-taxi work or as a family "bus" for four people. It is sold complete for £995, and when used as a freighter will carry a third of a ton in paying load

A British Light Engine

A PARTICULARLY interesting flight, from Finland to South Africa, was completed quite recently by Captain V. E. Bremer, who is well known in Arctic circles as a pilot of great ability. His machine was a Junkers Junior, fitted with an 80-h.p. Armstrong Siddeley Genet engine, a combination which has already proved itself excellent for exploration work in the frozen North. Captain Bremer is flying home via Palestine and the Balkan States.

A LIST of the principal Flying Clubs and Schools, with a table of Coming Events, had to be omitted unavoidably from our fifth Annual Flying Number published last week.

THE LEADING LIGHT AEROPLANE CLUBS

Clubs.	*Aerodromes.*
Berks, Bucks and Oxon N.F.S.	Woodley, near Reading.
Blackpool N.F.S.	Stanley Park, Blackpool.
Bristol and Wessex	Bristol Airport.
Cardiff	Splott, Cardiff.
Cinque Ports	Lympne, Folkestone.
Eastern Counties	Blue Barns, Colchester.
Hampshire	Hamble, Southampton.
Hanworth N.F.S.	Hanworth, Middlesex.
Herts and Essex	Broxbourne, Essex.
Hull N.F.S.	Hedon, Hull.
Irish Aero Club	Baldonne, Co. Dublin.
Kent	Bekesbourne, near Canterbury.
Lancashire	Woodford, Cheshire.
Leicestershire	Desford, Leicester.
Liverpool and District	Hooton Park, Cheshire.
London	Stag Lane, Edgware.
Midland	Castle Bromwich, Birmingham.
Newcastle-on-Tyne	Cramlington, Northumberland.
Norfolk and Norwich	Mousehold, Norwich.
Northamptonshire	Sywell, Northants.
Nottingham N.F.S.	Tollerton, Nottingham.
Plymouth	Roborough, Plymouth.
Press Aero Club	Brooklands, Weybridge.
Scottish	Renfrew, Glasgow.
Southern	Shoreham, Sussex.
Surrey	Gatwick, near Crawley.
Wiltshire—	High Post, Salisbury.
Yorkshire N.F.S.:—	Yeadon, near Leeds.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH

June 1-2—National Aviation Day—Cardiff.
June 3—National Aviation Day—Porthcawl.
June 4—Bristol Club Summer Meeting.
June 4—Leicester Club Display.
June 4—Henley's Regatta—Heston Airport.
June 5-6—National Aviation Day—Bath.
June 7—National Aviation Day—Welshpool.
June 7—Junior Aero Club Dinner, Ham Bone.
June 8—National Aviation Day—Wrexham.
June 12—Herts and Essex Meeting—Broxbourne.
June 12—German Aero Club Pageant—Tempelhof.
June 17-18—Night Flying Display—Ratcliffe.
June 18—Hull Air Display.
June 18—Reading Aero Club—At Home.
June 19—Royal Aeronautical Society Garden Party—Hanworth.
June 21-28—Blackpool Pageant—Stanley Park.
June 25—R.A.F. Display—Hendon.
June 25-26—International Tourist Rally, Boulogne.

THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR

JUNE, 1932

1st to 10th inclusive

1st **Racing.** Epsom Summer Meeting. The Derby Stakes.
Golf. Ladies' Open Championship (Saunton).
Shows. Royal Tournament (Olympia). Royal Counties' Agricultural (Guildford).
Cricket. Cambridge U. v. Sussex (Cambridge). Oxford U. v. Lancs. (Oxford).

2nd **Racing.** Epsom Summer Meeting.
Golf. Ladies' Open Championship (Saunton).
Shows. Royal Tournament (Olympia). Royal Counties' Agricultural (Guildford).
Cricket. Norfolk v. All India (Norwich).

3rd **Racing.** Epsom Summer Meeting. The Oaks Stakes.
Shows. Royal Tournament (Olympia). Royal Counties' Agricultural (Guildford).
Motoring. Junior Car Club 1000 Miles Race (Brooklands).

4th **Eton Celebrations.**
Racing. Kempton Park.
Shows. Royal Tournament (Olympia). Royal Counties' Agricultural (Guildford).
Motoring. Junior Car Club 1000 Miles Race (Brooklands).
Athletics. County Championships.
Greyhound Racing. Grand National Final (White City).
Motor Cycle Speedway Racing. England v. Australia (Stamford Bridge).

6th **Racing.** Birmingham and Lewes Meetings.

6th cont. **Golf.** Open Championship (Sandwich).
Shows. Royal Tournament (Olympia).
Motor Cycling. Tourist Trophy Races (Isle of Man).

7th **Racing.** Birmingham and Lewes Meetings.
Shows. Royal Tournament (Olympia). Three Counties Agricultural (Gloucester).
Golf. Open Championship (Sandwich).

8th **Alexandra Day.**
Racing. Newbury Meeting.
Shows. Royal Tournament (Olympia). Three Counties Agric. (Gloucester). Essex Agric. Soc. (Colchester).
Golf. Open Championship (Sandwich).
Rowing. May Week (Cambridge).
Motor Cycling. Tourist Trophy Races (Isle of Man).
Cricket. Cambridge U. v. All India (Cambridge).

9th **Racing.** Newbury Meeting.
Shows. Royal Tournament (Olympia). Royal Horse Show (Richmond). Essex Agric. Soc. (Colchester). Three Counties Agricultural (Gloucester).

10th **Racing.** Gatwick and Chepstow Meetings.
Shows. Leicester Agric. Soc. (Leicester). Royal Tournament (Olympia). Royal Horse Show (Richmond).
Golf. Open Championship (Sandwich).
Motor Cycling. Tourist Trophy Races (Isle of Man).

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Sport with the Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

Showing the Way

Miss Amelia Earhart, the record Atlantic flyer, entertaining women aviators to tea. Left to right, seated: The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, Miss Earhart, and Mrs. Spencer Cleaver. Left to right, standing: Lady Bailey, Mrs. Shelmerdine, Miss Peggy Salaman, Miss Spicer and Miss Pauline Gower. The hostess is showing her guests, by means of a map, the way she came

The Show of the Season

A general view of Olympia, where the Royal Tournament is being held, showing the physical training display in progress

The Gloves and the Gauntlets

Don McCorkindale, the famous boxer, telling Lady Diana Cooper all about it at Grosvenor House, after giving a sparring demonstration at a committee meeting in connection with the Noble Art Ball to be held at Grosvenor House

WHAT is the reason for the decline of rowing at Oxford? I make no apology for returning to a subject which has been argued and discussed a thousand times before; rowing is topical, as the journalists say, at the moment, and I have just been staying in Oxford myself.

I find that there are two sharply divided schools of thought. The theorists and the experts have two main reasons for Oxford's series of disasters in the Boat-Race. They complain, first, that Oxford will never be able to produce a worthy crew until more boats from the 'Varsity enter for Henley. As it is now, schools make it impossible for many undergraduates to go to Henley, with the result that 'Varsity oarsmen have very little experience of sustained racing. Bumping races are no sort of preparation for the Putney-to-Mortlake course, which means 4¼ miles of sustained effort, for in Eights Week a crew either spurts violently to make or avoid a bump, or rows over comfortably.

THIS is a reasonable, but partial, explanation, and the experts have an additional and more unexpected reason to suggest. They point out that for some years the O.U.B.C. has produced no outstanding personality as President, though the President for the coming year may prove to be an exception. If this charge is true—and I think it is—it goes some way towards clearing up the mystery; but in itself it requires considerable explanation.

Why have there been no personalities among the rowing men? Certainly it is not because the average undergraduate lacks personality; the football and cricket clubs, indeed, have been excellently served by their captains, and any talk of decadence at Oxford is absurd.

HERE the other school of thought makes its contribution. I was told by competent and intelligent observers that, as a whole, Oxford takes very little interest in rowing, despite the fact that a record number of crews rowed in Eights Week. The Oxford games-player, in fact, cares very little whether Oxford ever win the Boat-Race again, and this, so I was informed, is because Oxford men have become too intelligent to take rowing very seriously. An odd theory, but not as fantastic a theory as may at first appear.

WHO in his senses, I was asked, would go down to the river every afternoon and row himself silly, when he could be enjoying some rational and friendly game? And when we face up to it, isn't rowing rather a stupid business, which continues mainly because of tradition, though undoubtedly it fosters many admirable qualities? This, at any rate, is the outlook of many undergraduates, and the intelligent freshman who has sufficient character to resist the blandishments of his college rowing secretary, takes up games which in themselves are more interesting than this river treadmill affair.

Well, there it is. I have probably drawn upon my head the maledictions of the entire rowing community, but I must say that it seems unlikely that Oxford will beat Cambridge for many years to come. And, really, I feel bound to add—who cares?

I HEAR that G. T. S. Stevens, the Middlesex spin-bowler and opening batsman, is particularly anxious to go to Australia with the M.C.C. team. That is easy to understand, though I

The Royal Tournament at Olympia

doubt myself whether he really has much chance. And while we are talking of the Australian tour, A. P. F. Chapman seems to be running very strongly for the captaincy. On every side you hear knowledgeable people saying that he is the only possible Captain. I suppose at least twenty such people said as much to me in the pavilion at Lord's during the M.C.C. and All-India match. This, too, is easily understood, for he is batting much more soundly this year, and somehow he manages to keep a fielding side on its toes better than anyone I know. He has, without doubt, the right temperament for the job, though I still think that D. R. Jardine would be far more successful than many critics imagine.

From Lord's I went on to see Jack Petersen win the Cruiser-Weight Championship of Great Britain, by beating Harry Crossley, of Mexborough, on points. It was a curious victory, for Petersen was far more careful than usual, and I began to think he had hurt his right hand. Still, he won right enough, and fought a clever fight, though he does leave himself horribly open when he leads with his right, and his judgment is hardly sound yet. If Crossley had been able to hurt with his punches, Petersen would very early have run into serious trouble.

Jack Doyle was fighting, too, and once more he flattened his opponent with ridiculous ease in one round. A great lad, this, and with wise handling he may become a world-beater.

I was glad, by the way, to hear Lord Lonsdale say to a garrulous ring-side spectator: "Don't you think it would be better to leave them to fight it out themselves?" The spectator agreed hastily, and was silent. I wish others of his kidney could have been similarly rebuked, for a great deal of nonsense is shouted at boxers by supporters and seconds. The noise made at boxing matches by excited spectators is a nuisance which should be suppressed.

There is some talk of Jack Sharkey coming over here to fight the winner of the Carnera-Larry Gains contest, which will have been decided by the time this article appears. I don't know that Sharkey would be very popular in this country. He is a tough guy, if ever there was one, this Lithuanian Sailor, as they call him in the States. He was awarded a points decision over Carnera a few months ago, but only after he had twice postponed the fight at the last minute, with the result that Carnera was hardly at his best when eventually he did get into the ring.

Sharkey has been offered a £10,000 purse, but he is a rich man, and may think it too small. This would be very satisfactory.

I doubt whether the selection committee of the Lawn Tennis Association will alter their pairing because G. P. Hughes and I. C. Collins were just beaten by J. Borotra and A. Gentien in the men's doubles in Paris, even though the latter are not ranked as the best French pair. In this particular match Collins had rather an off-day, which is the more surprising when one remembers that the match was played in the rain and that Collins is a Scotsman! When he has more practice Collins won't let his side down, I am sure.

Left: Miss P. Brazier, who reached the semi-final round in the Junior Championships last year, in action at Berrylands during the Surrey Lawn-Tennis Championships—for grown-ups

Dr. John D. MacCormack, beaten in the first round, one of the Irish competitors in the Open Amateur Golf Championship, which was concluded last week at Muirfield

Left: Mr. Joshua Crane (U.S.A.) putting in the Open Amateur Championship at Muirfield with a putter which would not be to everyone's taste, though Mr. Crane has stuck to this style for fifteen years

Howard Marshall on CRICKET

Some Players of Promise

H. W. Marshall (Argentine), one of the South American visiting team, who scored 101, not out, in the first match against the Affiliated South American Banks

M.C.C. versus All-India

This match at Lord's was almost completely spoilt by the wet weather, it being impossible to complete two innings. Seen above is G. T. S. Stevens, who made 32, scoring through the leg trap set by Amar Singh

R. L. Lathom (Brazil), another of the South American team visiting England for the first time, who made 68 in the match against the Affiliated South American Banks

EVEN a man of equable disposition—myself, for example—might be forgiven a little profanity when discussing the weather. Really, it becomes a little tedious, as well as rather serious for the counties, this peering through pavilion windows at deserted grounds and streaming rain, and sparrows playing hide-and-seek round the covers.

The amount of unseemly language which was uttered in the pavilion at Lord's when rain interfered with the opening day of the match between All-India and M.C.C. must have been prodigious. I certainly contributed my quota, for we were robbed of two-and-a-half hours of a most interesting game.

It was interesting in many ways. There was the superb batting of Capt. C. K. Nayudu, a class player, without a doubt; there was A. P. F. Chapman's fielding and captaincy, both first-rate; and there was the bowling of men like Bowes and Peebles, who are freely spoken of as probables for the M.C.C. tour in Australia.

LAST season it seemed to me that Bowes showed considerable promise. He is not a fast bowler in the sense that Larwood is fast, but he makes pace off the ground, and is capable of keeping the batsmen playing. Against the Indians, however, he was disappointing. He did nothing through the air, and he sent down a great many purposeless balls outside the off-stump. What is more, he was consistently short of a length, and that is fatal for a bowler of his type, unless he is deliberately bowling at the batsman, a monstrous crime of which Bowes is incapable.

There seemed, moreover, to be a lack of vitality about his attack. Not once did he produce the ball which fizzes through venomously in the Tate manner, and never did he bowl with Tate's concentration and fury of endeavour. It is early to judge Bowes, of course, and he will surely do better than this, but as I watched him I could not help thinking that both physique and temperament will be desperately important in Australia.

IT will be useless to select the sluggish or the frail player for that exacting tour. Larwood, perhaps, is an exception, for he is the only genuine fast bowler we have, and if need be he must be rested and kept in reserve for Test matches. Otherwise our bowlers must, for preference, be all-round athletes—youngsters like R. W. V. Robins, whose natural resilience would enable them to triumph over the conditions. Robins at present sends down a good many rank bad balls, but he can also bowl the unplayable one which turns like lightning and might defeat even the almost superhuman Bradman. As an all-rounder, Robins would be invaluable, and there are one or two others of his type in the offing.

IT is, incidentally, rather interesting to watch the progress of our slow left-hand spin bowlers. There are several likely ones about. Paine, of Warwickshire, for example, whose control of length is admirable; and Armstrong, of Derbyshire; and Bailey, of Hampshire, who startled us by taking seven Notts wickets for seven runs. Bailey came into the Hampshire team last season, and as he is also a useful opening batsman, we may hear more of him.

Then we must not forget Verity, who was well and truly flogged by Paynter when Lancashire played Yorkshire. Verity is a curious bowler, with some fine performances to his credit; but to my mind he does not yet flight the ball enough. He relies on spin and variation in length, which are too abrupt to be really effective against class batsmen. It is difficult to believe that he would be at all dangerous in Australia, and it is rather disappointing to discover that, so far this season, he has not shown increased subtlety through the air.

THE great left-handed spin-bowlers, among whom we may take Wilfred Rhodes as an example, achieved their mastery by variation in trajectory. It is easy enough to spot the ball which is dropped a little shorter when it comes to you without appreciable curve, but the one which is thrown a little higher, let us say, is far more deceptive. Perhaps, in due course, Verity may turn his attention to this matter of trajectory, and when he does, we may be able to welcome him into the ranks of the outstanding left-handers.

SIBBLES, of Lancashire, is another man in the news, for it was something of an achievement to take seven Yorkshire wickets for ten runs. He is a fast-medium right-hander, and no doubt he is profiting by the coaching of Barnes, one of the finest bowlers of any period. Unfortunately, he is not a youngster, though at twenty-eight he still has plenty of time to come to the top.

Then, to turn to the batsmen, there is Paynter, the Lancashire left-hander, knocking hard at the door of representative cricket. Here is a player who can mix caution and aggression, for he thumps the ball with great severity, and yet can present the barn-door bat when the occasion demands it. He might well be considered as Sutcliffe's partner to open England's innings, and I hope he may be given his chance when England play All-India at Lords.

ANOTHER opening batsman in the news, though not for the same reasons, is A. Ratcliffe, of Cambridge, who made 200 odd against Oxford last summer. We are all watching him with considerable sympathy, for, so far, he has been dead out of luck and unable to get any runs at all. That great innings of his at Lord's must be weighing heavily upon him, and I hope that before this article appears he will have run into form and gained confidence in himself again.

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Cars with a Personality:

No. 5. The 18-h.p. "Fluid Flywheel" Lanchester

By The Earl of Cardigan

Although possessing an excellent turn of speed, the Lanchester is a thoroughly comfortable and substantial car. The chassis provides more than average body space

The engine is readily accessible. The circular object which can be seen attached to the carburetter is an air-purifier

THERE is a strong temptation, in reviewing the performance of the 18-h.p. Lanchester, to dwell at length on the undoubted virtues of its remarkable transmission system, which combines an epicyclic gear-box with a fluid clutch, or flywheel. I shall endeavour to avoid this, for to do so is to render less than justice to the many other merits which this car possesses.

If it had a perfectly ordinary transmission system, the Lanchester would still, in my opinion, be a most delightful car to handle, and thoroughly good value for money at £565. It is, in the first place, exceptionally comfortable and roomy. The springing is excellent at all speeds, and a very valuable extra six inches of body space is gained by the location of the radiator slightly in advance of the front axle. The æsthetic disadvantages of this are very slight, and the practical advantages considerable.

THE engine is a wonderful example of smoothness and efficiency. It has the conventional overhead valve gear, but is, to the best of my belief, unique in its ability to function silently with very wide, and even irregular, tappet clearances. It possesses good acceleration, great flexibility, and an impressive turn of speed. At 70 m.p.h. it is by no means "all out," and at 60 m.p.h. it gives the impression that it is scarcely beginning to exert itself.

The back seat is really luxurious. With the arm-rest folded up, three passengers can sit comfortably abreast

Easy access to the front seats is an exceptionally good feature of this car. Note the gear-lever on the right, and the electric-horn buttons on the left of the steering column — both accessible without the hands being moved from the wheel

ANOTHER outstanding feature of this chassis, and one which I associate only with a few really high-class motor-cars, is the way in which it seems to "float" over the road at medium or high speeds. It is difficult to define this quality, but those who have driven machines of the "thoroughbred" type will understand what I mean. No doubt good suspension, perfect steering, and skilful weight distribution are the chief factors concerned, but the driver is content to note a peculiarly effortless performance which enables him to cover long distances without fatigue, either bodily or mental.

HAVING noted all this, we can be all the more appreciative of the additional advantages which the special transmission system offers. The majority of motorists, I imagine, are now familiar with the epicyclic gear-box, and are aware that in its modern form it provides four forward speeds, all of which are silent and absolutely "crash-proof." The clumsiest possible gear-change can produce nothing worse than a slight jerk, which, in this respect, differs enormously from the ordinary form when in the charge of a beginner or careless driver, who can cause untold anguish to sensitive passengers.

THE fluid flywheel—which is really a fluid automatic clutch—is less well known. The theory of it is interesting, but difficult to explain in a few words. It will be sufficient, perhaps, to note that it makes a number of common driving errors quite impossible to achieve, as, for instance, jerky starting, making the engine "knock," or stopping it inadvertently. In addition to these useful qualities, it has quite substantial virtues on the open road—notably in tackling hair-pin bends.

Thus the Lanchester, with singularly few defects—a bad hand-brake is the only one that I can think of—is a car that should appeal to the discriminating motorist from two distinct points of view. To the experienced driver it offers genuine "luxury" performance at medium price, and to the average man a degree of refinement combined with simplicity which may safely be described as unique.

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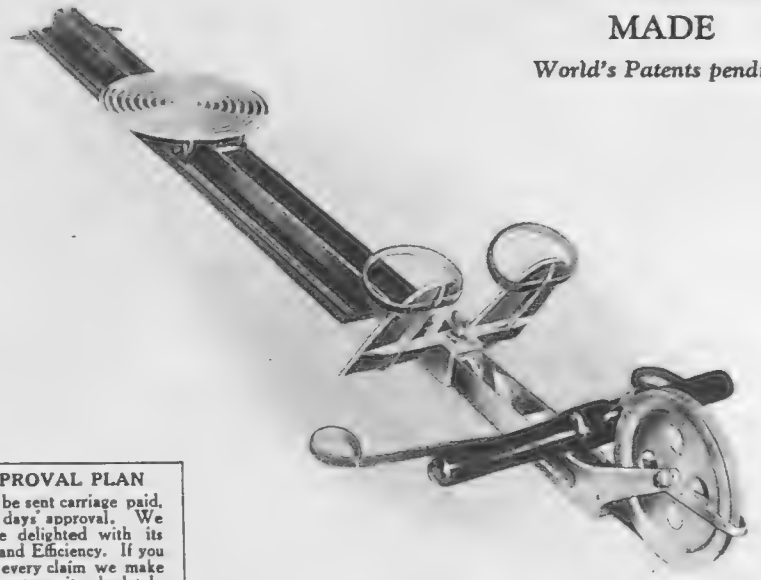

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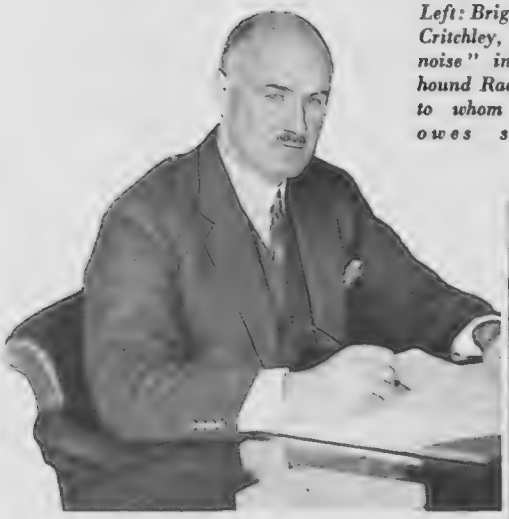

Left: Brig.-Gen. A. C. Critchley, the "big noise" in the Greyhound Racing World, to whom the sport owes so much

Greyhound Racing

By White Citizen

Future Cutlet (right), with Wild Woolley, who lately gave the Derby favourite a race for his life at the White City. Future Cutlet is claimed to be the fastest dog seen here for a generation

ON another page of this issue you will find an article entitled "The Derby Horse-Race." One wonders if Mr. Gerard Fairlie realises how prophetic his title may prove to be . . . indeed, already is.

This may sound like a series of words strung together without meaning. It is not; although, perhaps, in many quarters it is still unnecessary to define the great race at Epsom with any further detail than "the Derby," yet there are a great many people whose thoughts would not, on hearing the word, jump immediately to Epsom and to horses. Let me elaborate.

I ASKED a man the other day what would win the Derby. He told me, without the very slightest hesitation, that the winner would prove to be Future Cutlet. I thanked him politely (I am always polite when gratuitously offered a chance of financial gain), and making a straight line for the nearest sporting daily, investigated the list of prices at which it was possible to back the horses. No name even remotely resembling Future Cutlet appeared among the probable starters. Unwilling to admit defeat, I presumed that the "horse" was one of those casually referred to as "a hundred to one others" and rang up my bookmaker. The conversation was unsatisfactory, since my bookmaker had never heard of a horse called Future Cutlet.

By that time I was annoyed. I rang up my friend, with the firm intention of reprimanding him for unseemly levity in the discussion of a matter of national importance. His first words removed the wind and left my sails flapping. "But it *will* win the Derby," he said. "Care to come to the White City and see the dog prove my words?"

Now do you see what I am getting at? It may be necessary, really quite soon, to say "the Derby *horse*-race." Do you know that 9,656,955 people have been to the White City to see the dogs? Do you realise that the interest in dog racing is, far from decreasing, increasing with every meeting?

WHY? For a very good reason indeed. The man in the street is no less of a sportsman than the man in the St. James's Street club, and he likes his little flutter just as much. He would rather, however, risk the price of the pint of ale which he did not have, in order to save the money for this very purpose, on something which *he can see* racing, and he cannot, as a rule, spare the time to take an afternoon off for a horse-race meeting. But he can, and does, get away in the evening, probably with his wife, to enjoy the fresh air and the sport.

And the rich man of the clubs goes, too, for he has his own club at the track, where he can dine, and wager, and entertain his friends with the certainty that they are enjoying themselves. Those who may not care for racing enjoy the wine and the food!

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ONE of the most difficult and depressing problems of the fastidious woman is the effacement of hair, even downy growths, on the face or those parts of the body, such as the limbs, where she considers them unsightly and not consistent with the scrupulously *soigné* appearance which she likes to maintain.

Those who have studied the subject and have tried to discover cures for, and preventives of, superfluous hair are agreed about the psychological importance of this condition. The victims are often preternaturally sensitive, and their social life is entirely spoiled by this blemish.

Many women shrink from electrolysis, and, even if it is done by an expert and no scars are left, each hair root has to be treated individually, which practically precludes the use of the electric needle over extensive areas and for downy growths.

There are, of course, numerous depilatories, many of them excellent in their way and guaranteed not to injure the skin; others, unfortunately, are strong irritants and are definitely harmful. No reputable firm claims that a depilatory will do more than remove efficiently the hair which is above the surface of the skin. The hair root is a sixteenth of an inch below the surface. Naturally, the hair continues to grow outwards and, within a few hours or a few days, according to the hirsute propensities of the user, the application must be repeated if the skin is to be kept clear of any hair. Even this is preferable to the use of razors, tweezers, or pumice stone, which all tend to coarsen the growth and make it more stubborn.

The ideal way of dealing with this problem is, of course, first to remove the hair, without in any way stimulating the hair root and, secondly, to prevent it from growing again. This is the basis of the new Gypsia treatment, which consists of two complementary and inoffensive lotions.

Madame Sueur, who sponsors them, comes of a family of doctors and experimental chemists, and has made a life-long study of the subject. I investigated this treatment some months ago, and satisfied myself as to its scientific basis and the satisfaction of those who had availed themselves of it. I have since had personal experience and the experience of friends to draw on as to its efficacy.

THE Eau Pilophage No. 1 removes the hair. It is an almost odourless liquid and therefore has an advantage over depilatories which are generally unpleasant and often messy. This is only recommended for use on fairly strong growths of hair. It must *not* be used when the hair to be treated is downy. After it has been used, No. 2 lotion is applied once or twice a day. It is this liquid which gradually destroys the growth of the hair. If it is thick and coarse to begin with, the process will naturally be more lengthy, but the growth is retarded and weakened from the first treatment, and each time the hair reappears it is finer and less obtrusive, until, finally, it disappears.

In cases of downy hair, such as appears on the arms, cheeks, upper lip, and sometimes even on the necks and backs of babies and young girls, only No. 2 lotion is advocated. If it is used regularly the down will gradually disappear. Both lotions are guaranteed harmless even to sensitive skins, and No. 2 is actually beneficial and antiseptic and can be used as a skin lotion.

Athletics, and the exposure of the limbs to sun and air which our modern life entails, has undoubtedly increased the growth of hair on arms and legs among women, and it will be a relief to hundreds to know that the hated down can be effaced by this easy means and the skin kept clear and fine, while the two lotions in conjunction obviate the frequent use of depilatories under the arms.

It is well to take the advice, either personally or by letter, of Madame Sueur before commencing treatment, and in consulting her prospective users of the lotions should be entirely frank as to their condition and needs; what, if any, previous treatment they have had and the results. In the case of skin injured or made tender by other things, she has a wonderful medicated herbal cream and other specifics; her knowledge and experience are valuable and, at present, her advice is free!

HOT COP *(continued from page 437)*

Dan Mara, charging into the cellar not two feet behind his projectile, leaped sideways, like a goat, the instant he was beyond the doorway. He flattened out against the wall, left hand clutching at his mouth and nose. From the blackness before him there came instantly the sound of a single gasp—the spasmodic working of a throat suddenly invaded with caustic ashes. Dan waited for no other clue. He sprang that way, toward ambushed death. A gun roared as he moved, but the spurt of fire pointed toward the doorway. Lead pattered a threat on the steps. The sound of Mara's feet, crunching on the scattered ashes, warned the killer then that a man had followed the dust-screen. His finger crooked again like forked lightning on the trigger. The wind of that bullet swept by Mara's neck. The next instant his big body struck Jack Crass. The stick-up man went down like an auctioneer's hammer, his gun roaring once more, as he hit the cement. Dan Mara crashed down on top of him.

THE peril was over. It seemed hours to Dan before his groping hands encountered the hot pistol in Jack Crass's fingers. But in all the time it took him Jack Crass had not moved an eyelash.

Crass was still out—completely out—when Dan Mara picked him up and, coughing and choking, blundered toward the steps. He carried the flattened killer out into the air and up to the sidewalk. There he dropped him beside Bill Lovell's still form.

"Look out—for him," Dan gasped. "He 's—alive."

The Commissioner, grotesquely powdered with dust, gave vent to a sudden roar—a roar of astonishment and commendation. "And you never used your gun on him?" he shouted. "Man, what a cop! Never used his gun!"

Dan Mara's knees quaked. He fought hard to conquer a fit of strangulation. "Sor—sor," he gasped, in uncontrollable agitation, "'tis in the book—not to use revolver—unless needed. Why would I need a gun against that one—and me with two hands?"

"Take him away!" the Commissioner commanded, pointing his toe at the yellowish, wrinkled face of the killer. He swung around on Dan Mara and grasped his hand with genuine fervour. "You 're a cop—a real cop!" he said, looking sideways at the crowd. "We need 'em in the department—more at the top than at the bottom!"

Dan Mara gulped uneasily. Cameras were clicking. He jerked his hand out of the Commissioner's grip. "I 'll—I 'll be getting the ash-barrel out o' there, sir," he said, and, turning quickly, dived into the cellar for the second time.

"Bashful, hey?" muttered the beaming Commissioner. "Go down and get him out of there—you—Barney Kennard. I want these reporters to talk to a regular policeman."

Obediently the detective-sergeant dived into the murk of the cellar.

"Dan Mara!" he called. "Where are you, Dan, my boy? The Commish wants ye. Leave the barrel be."

"Is it you, Barney?" Mara's voice whispered. There was a distinct quaver in it, but a quaver of relief. "Come over here, Barney, and, for the love of God, show a light, will you?"

The detective groped his way through clouds of furnace dust toward the voice.

"That was a near one, Barney, a terrible near one." Dan Mara's voice was weird, shaken.

"It was more than near," Barney answered, reaching for his match-box. "He was dead certain, I thought, to throw chunks of lead through your heart."

"I 'm not meanin' that, Barney," Mara's agitated voice answered. "Think of that dirty, murdering slob pickin' this cellar out of all them in New York to hide in. The killing, dirty——"

"What 's up with you?" Barney demanded crisply. "You 're a brave man, Danny, but what 's wrong with this cellar?" He lit a match. The flickering light revealed that he was very close to Dan Mara. And Dan was squatting on his knees, burrowing feverishly under a small stack of kindling wood in one corner.

"A near thing, Barney," he muttered. "The Commish had me—almost. I knew Tony Scalzi that owns this cellar wouldn't be back—he having gone to Long Island for more ice. Brave? My backbone was macaroni when he looked at me." He ceased to speak, and with feverish haste raked out from under the kindling wood one information bulletin, one revolver, extra cartridges for same, one blackjack, one nippers, one billie, one whistle, one notebook, one summons book, one copy of departmental rules and regulations, one manual of procedure, one signal-box key, one pencil, and a guide to the city streets. Hastily, by the waning light of the match, he stowed these many articles on his person, and buttoned up his tight uniform over his constricted figure. "This Crass guy brings the Commish on to my beat with me as near naked of equipment as a baby! And then, by Heaven, he hides in the very one cellar where I 'd bunked my stuff! Brave? 'Twas black fear sent me chasing that ash-barrel down here, before the Commish ripped the shield off me chest!"

R. W.

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Somewhat Ill-Matched

A side-line at the Melton Mowbray Polo Club Show in which various breeds of dogs, urged on by their owners, competed in a race in which bumping and boring were not entirely absent

Dogs of Fiction

By Lady Kitty Ritson

I WONDER whether, if a ballot were taken on various people's favourite dogs in fiction, many people would vote for the same dog. There are more dogs than one would realise when you begin to count them up. Of course, certain names rush to one's mind, beginning with Fingal's dog, Bran, who was probably a deerhound, and who accompanied his master into battle. Then there was Gelert, who was killed by the chief when he returned from hunting, because he found his son lying in a cradle which was splashed with blood. Being of a singularly dense mind, he thought that Gelert had killed him, so murdered the dog, only to find, too late, that Gelert had saved the child from a large wolf, whose body was lying nearby. I never thought much of that chief. I suspect he had had "a couple" on the way back.

I SUPPOSE that Owd Bob is the most universal favourite in doggy fiction, probably because he was drawn from life, and was never made to do anything foolish and un-doglike. But *Danny*, by the same author, runs *Owd Bob* very close, and is even more pathetic. I can remember crying so dreadfully over the latter book, when I was a girl, that I was unable to go out to dinner. I find that quite a number of people have never read *Danny*, so if you haven't, you have a real treat in store. I object very much to books where dogs are supposed to reason in a way that they never do, and never could, and a great many otherwise excellent dog books are spoilt in this way.

JACK LONDON started a craze for the dog of "the great open spaces" when he wrote *The Call of the Wild*, but, personally, I think that he was far outclassed by James Oliver Curwood, who wrote *Kazan, the Wolf Dog* and *Baree, Son of Kazan*. The former equals in pathos both *Owd Bob* and *Danny*, and there is a wonderful description of how the grey she-wolf who was the mate of the dog Kazan was blinded, and how Kazan ran with her and helped her to hunt.

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD was a pretty good observer of Nature, and his grandmother was a woman of the Mohawks. He inherited the Indian observation and love of nature, and his dog books are really wonderful. He also wrote *Swift Lightning*, but I never thought that Swift Lightning was such a real character as Kazan, or Kazan's son, Baree.

JUST lately, there have been one or two excellent dog books written by living authors. One was *Shep of the Painted Hills*, but I forget the author's name. Shep was a very real person, and also a 100-per-cent. dog who acted as a dog would.

THE difficulty in writing a book, with a dog as the hero is to make sufficient of a story to keep the reader's interest, and, at the same time, not to portray the dog as acting and reasoning like a human being, which is absolutely wrong psychology. If you live with, and amongst dogs, you soon realise their limitations (if they are limitations), and how absurd it is to depict them as reasoning in the way that you find a child of six doing.

I AM pretty sure that animals can communicate with each other quite as easily as we do with one another, and just as fully and, it may be, as intelligently. They may not understand us, but, for all we know, they may regard us as very limited in our intelligence. Therefore, a book with a dog as a hero must be treated objectively to be readable.

I SHOULD be interested to hear from any readers who think I have missed mentioning any well-known dog in fiction.

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Health Note

With the advent of warmer weather, and the subsequent disturbances following upon climatic changes such as we have experienced this last week or two, the value of magnesia as an aperient should be appreciated by everyone, more especially in that it is recommended so extensively by doctors as a thoroughly safe, effective and agreeable medicine for people of all ages.

Dinneford's pure fluid magnesia has been universally used for upwards of one hundred years, and to-day, perhaps more than ever, enjoys a world-wide reputation. It is an ideal laxative for children, however young they may be, and constitutes the first line of defence against all their ailments. For those of advanced age, a daily dose of a prescribed quantity will indubitably prevent indigestion and its attendant evils by its soothing influence on the stomach. Body fluids are intensified in acidity as age matures; indeed, nearly all of the disabilities of old age are mainly due to this cause. Mixed with spring water, it forms a pleasant and cooling drink, and is especially beneficial in hot seasons, and is well-known to residents in tropical climes. A most refreshing drink can be made by diluting with three parts water and adding a little lemon juice.

The Willys Overland Crossley Car

The price of the A.J.S. Quality Nine has been reduced to £189. The new price will not affect the specification in any way, for all the splendid Quality features, which were standard at the old price of £229, will remain. At the new price, with four-speed silent third gear-box, Whatmough cylinder-head, silent bloc shackles, easy starting carburettor, Magna wire wheels, real leather upholstery, and 12-volt electrical equipment, the value is unprecedented—probably the greatest value ever offered to British motorists.

The Services' Own Charity Ball

The "Cavalcade" Ball at the May Fair Hotel on Wednesday, June 8, to which H.R.H. the Duchess of York has given special patronage, promises to be unique in the annals of charity entertainments. No less than fourteen V.C.'s and twenty-nine officers of high rank of the Navy, Army, and Air Force figure on the list of over one hundred distinguished patrons, including Sir Beachcroft Towse, Lord Lloyd, Earl Jellicoe, Earl Beatty, General Freyberg, and Sir Geoffrey Salmond, whilst all the Dominions are represented by officers of the various Overseas offices.

The Hon. Mrs. Evan-Morgan has gathered together an energetic Committee, who met on Friday last and discussed final details for the Ball over a fork-and-spoon luncheon, before a general meeting of patrons, Committee, and friends interested in the Disabled Officers' Garden Homes Association—which is to benefit by the proceeds of the Ball—at Punch's Club, where cocktails were served on Monday, May 30, from 5.30 p.m.

The Midnight Cabaret and the Zero Hour rum ration issued to every guest are features of the Ball. Tickets, 30s.—parties of six for £7 10s.—can be obtained from 42, The Manor House, N.W.1.

A Swedish Castle

Trollenholm Castle, which dates from 1760, situated in the Province of Skane (the Château country of Sweden), and one of the many historical buildings of interest which abound in this beautiful country

A Tip for the Nib

Handwriting to a large extent is dependent upon the nib selected, so that care in making the right choice is more than justified. For smooth writing, the Perry Tested Pen, "Silver Wonder," is unequalled; another famous pen, widely used by discriminating writers as one of quality, is the "Queen Mary," named after and approved by H.M. the Queen. These can be obtained at 4s. 3d. and 4s. 6d. per gross respectively, or in boxes for sixpence.

Books in Brief

You will like Mr. Alec Waugh's new book, *Thirteen Such Years* (Cassell; 7s. 6d.). Myself, I think it one of the best things he has done, a brilliantly clever weaving together of fact and fiction. The facts are the history of the thirteen years since the war, with all their stupendous changes—changes that have come so insidiously that we need a pen like Mr. Waugh's to remind us of them. As he points out, the older generation saw permanence in symbols, and, although particular symbols have been destroyed—"the institutions, opinions, allegiances, securities that maintained Victorian, Edwardian, and early Georgian England"—they have been replaced for the younger generation by other symbols.

One wonders if even a girl straight out of a convent could be quite so unsophisticated as the heroine of *A Virgin in Mayfair* (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.), by Barbara Cartland. But, granted that Maxine is as innocent as her "reflections" make her out to be, Miss Cartland has written an amusing book about the little world of Mayfair, which, to judge from its novelist-chroniclers, is becoming more and more parochial in the monotony of its affaires, illicit and otherwise, its cocktails, night-clubs, and the perpetuation of its types, some of them singularly unpleasant.

"Junius"

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

LUNCHEON

Hors d'Œuvres Variés
(Red Cabbage à la Russe)
***
Lobster au Gratin
***
Carré d'Agneau à la Polonaise
Pommes de Terre Nouvelles
***
Apple Beignets
***
Café

Hors d'Œuvres Variés (Red Cabbage à la Russe)

Cut up a red cabbage into very fine, narrow strips, plunge for a minute into salt and boiling water, cool in cold water and drain. Lay in a deep dish and sprinkle with salt and tarragon vinegar. Stir some mashed hard-boiled yolks of eggs into half-a-tumblerful of cream; season with salt and pepper. Pour this over the cabbage and garnish with slices of cut radish.

Lobster au Gratin

Melt an ounce of butter in a stewpan, and throw in a teaspoonful of finely chopped onion. When slightly browned, stir in one ounce of flour, mix thoroughly; then add about three gills of milk, stir over the fire, and when it has boiled six or seven minutes, drop in the lobster cut into small pieces; add pepper, salt, cayenne, according to taste, and one anchovy finely minced. Stir the mixture over the fire till it boils; add the beaten yolk of an egg, pour the mixture into the lobster shells, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, chopped parsley, and tiny lumps of butter; place in the oven for about twenty minutes (or under the grill) to brown. Serve garnished with fresh parsley.

Carré d'Agneau à la Polonaise

Have a good-sized loin of lamb boned, and prepare a stuffing of half-a-pound of chopped mushrooms (previously peeled). Add 4 ozs. of breadcrumbs, a tablespoonful of sherry, and a beaten egg. Season with salt and pepper and nutmeg, and mix well. Put the prepared stuffing on the cut side of the loin of lamb, fold in the end, and wrap in buttered grease-proof paper. Place in a baking-tin and cook in a hot oven, basting from time to time. Serve with gravy and mint sauce.

Apple Beignets

Peel some even-sized cooking apples, and cut into quarter-inch slices. Stamp out the core portion of each with a cutter. Dip the slices in a rich but fairly stiff frying batter, and fry in hot fat to a golden colour. Take up, drain well, dredge with caster sugar mixed with a little ground cinnamon or vanilla. Serve very hot.

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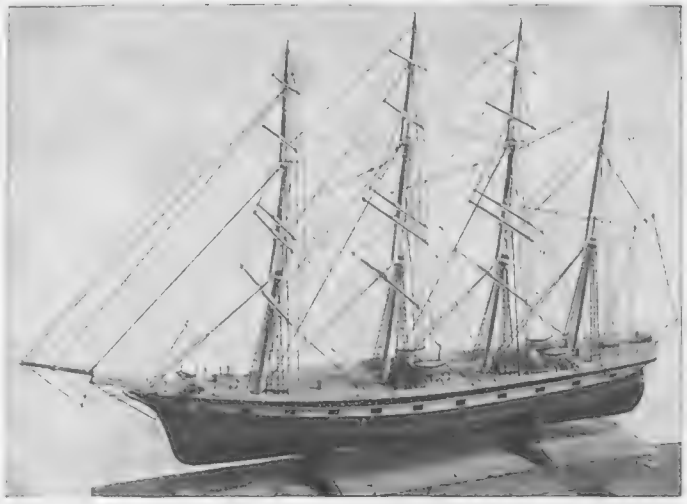

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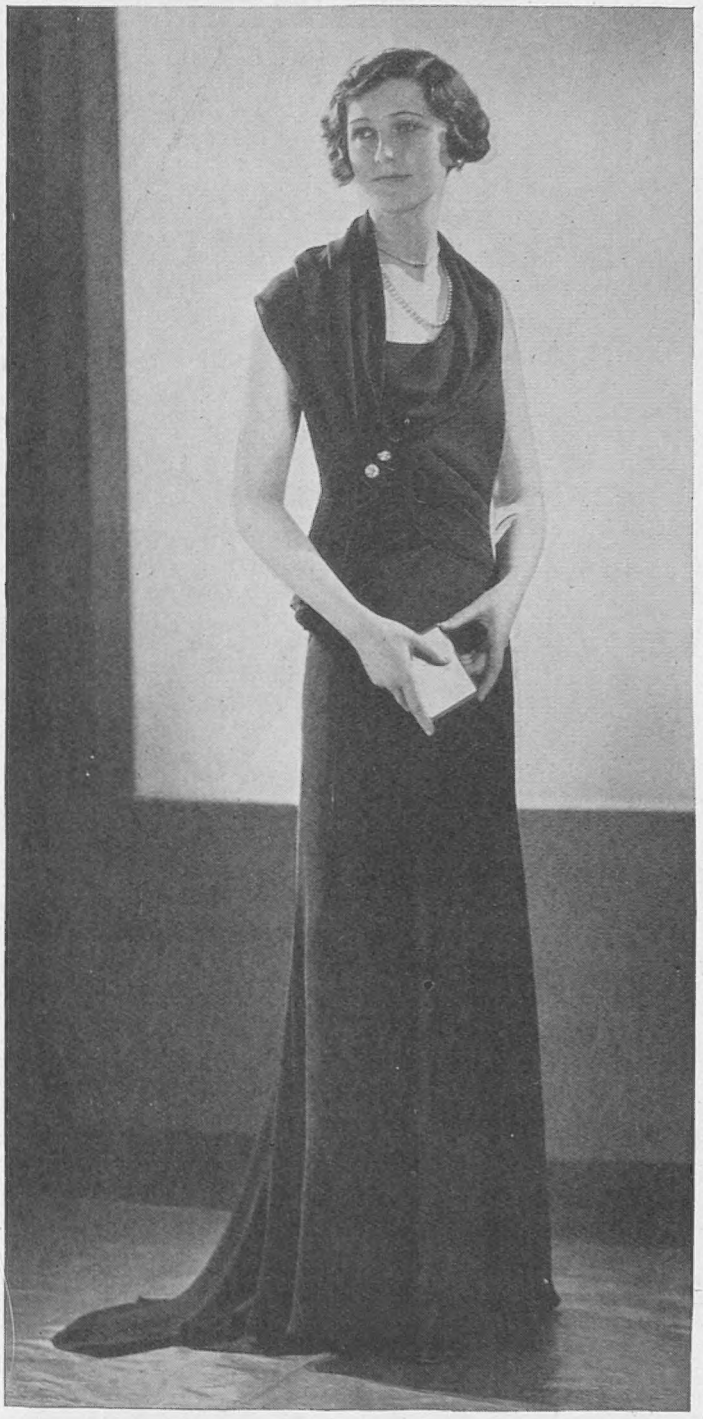

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"Anything to declare."

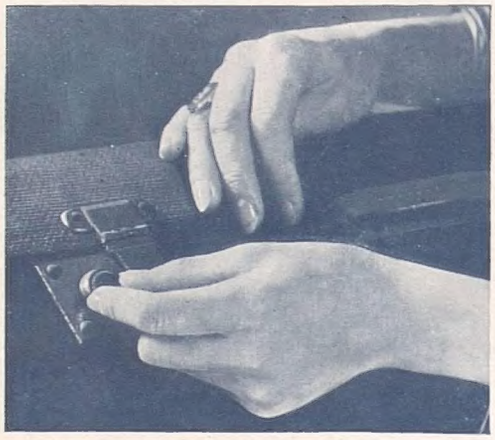
Mrs. Markham's turn had almost come. Her two suit-cases lay on the broad counter, her two suit-cases most obligingly open. She cast a quick look behind her. Good . . . . Anne Graham had gone on. They'd arranged to meet on the train. Far better so. Even before they got to Calais, the girl had started getting the jumps. . . . She was so terribly afraid the thing wouldn't get through and poor Mrs. Ellis. . . . Mrs. Markham had then spoken very firmly.

"My dear child, you'd spoil everything if you go on in this way."

Now she gripped the damp edge of the counter and straightened her shoulders, comfortably aware that not a single detail about her clothes pointed to her actual metier. A modest tweed coat, a plain felt hat. . . . Everything good and serviceable, worlds away from the shimmering ways of Paris.

"Anything to declare?"

Mrs. Markham looked at the abrupt, tired-eyed official and smiled genially.



"No. . . . I've no other luggage," she glanced politely at the tariff list. "No, nothing to declare.'

The man bent down, chalk gleaming palely in his hands. Mrs. Markham's heart gave a triumphant leap—only to sink with a leaden thud. Another official came to a dead level with her still opened suit-cases, shot a keen look at them, then appraised her from head to foot and said brusquely

"Mrs. Markham? Kindly step this way, Madam." . . .

If you have crossed the Channel you'll find "TRIUMPH," by E. M. Almedingen, a gripping story—a comedy of the Customs in which professional pride went before the decline and fall of an old hand

"Only foolish people envy the great, the rich, the worldly successes. More often than not, behind their impressive and glittering facades, they are worried to death, tired out, oppressed, anxious, driven, desperately unhappy. Look at Clarence Hatry. He used to work fourteen hours a day. He did nothing but work. And to what eventual purpose did he labour and scheme and twist and turn, drive, cajole and plan? To put himself behind bars for fourteen years! He could have got out of the business game with something like a million pounds after rationalising the light-castings industry. But he had to go on and try to swing a £20,000,000 deal and make himself a steel king. He could have thrown in his hand when he found the market breaking, the ice cracking under him—gone broke and have done with it. What prevented him taking this course? Vanity! Hatry must not, could not, fail. So he committed a criminal act much as an office-boy steals from the petty-cash box, hoping and expecting to put it back when the horse comes in. But the horse did not come in—it so seldom does. During the period Hatry was functioning at full blast there was another celebrated young financier busy "playing the piano" with mergers and flotations. He had fourteen lieutenants, but from Monday to Friday he had no time to set foot to earth. It was work all the time, and rushes in trains and cars in all directions. Week-ends he got away to his great country estate. He ran the place on big business lines—bred cattle on a large scale, sold pheasants' eggs by the ten-thousand, developed a tremendous trade, held conferences of his agents and bailiffs. Then the big crash came." . . . You won't want riches when you've read "THIS CRAZY STUFF CALLED GOLD," by C. Patrick Thompson.

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